THE

English Moor,

OR THE

MOCK-MARRIAGE.

A Comædy as it was often acted with general applauſe by her Majeſties Servants.

Innocens permitte jocos cur ludere nobis
Non liceat? ———

LONDON,
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Prologue.

MOſt noble, fair and curteous, to ye all
Welcome and thanks we give, that you would call
And viſit your poor ſervants, that have been
So long and pitileſs unheard, unſeen.
Welcome, you'l ſay your money that does do,
(Diſſembling is a fault) we ſay ſo too.
And your long abſence was no fault of your,
But our ſad fate to be ſo long obſcure.
Jove and the Muſes grant, and all good Men,
We feel not that extremity again:
The thought of which yet chills us with a fear
That we have bought our liberty too dear:
For ſhould we fall into a new reſtraint,
Our hearts muſt break that did before but faint.
You noble, great and good ones, that vouchſafe
To ſee a Comedy, and ſometimes laugh
Or ſmile at wit and harmeleſs mirth, As thus
ye have begun to grace and ſuccour us;
Be further pleaſ'd (to hold us ſtill upright,
For our relief, and for your own delight)
To move for us to thoſe high powers whom we
ſubmit unto in all humility,
For our proceeding, and we'le make it good
To utter nothing may be underſtood
Offenſive to the ſtate, manners or time,
We will as well look to our necks as climb.
You hear our ſute, obtain it if you may;
Then find us money and we'le find you play.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Meanwell. } *Two old Gentlemen and friends, ſup-*
Raſhley. } *poſed to have been kill'd in a Duel.*
Arthur, Meanwels *Son, in love with* Lucy.
Theophilus, Raſhleys *Son, in love with* Milicent.
Quickſands, *an old Uſurer.*
Teſty, *an old angry Juſtice.*
Winloſe, *a decayed Gentleman.*
Vincent. } *Two gallants undone by* Quickſands.
Edmund. }
Nath. Banelaſs, *a Wencher.*
Hoſt. *Drawer.*
Ralph, Meanwels *ſervant.*
Arnold, Raſhleys *ſervant.*
Buzard, Quickſands *ſervant.*
Dioniſia, Meanwels *daughter.*
Lucy, Raſhleys *daughter.*
Milicent, Teſtys *Neece.*
Phillis, Winloſe *daughter.*
Madge, Quickſands *ſervant.*

The Scene *London.*

PROLOGUE:

THE ENGLISH-MOOR or the Mock-Marriage.

Act. 1. Scene. 1.

Arthur. Dionysia.

Ar. Dear Sister, bear with me.
Di. I may not, brother.
What! suffer you to pine, and peak away
In your unnatural melancholy fits;
Which have already turn'd your purer blood
Into a toad-pool dye. I am asham'd
(Upon my life) almost to call you brother
But nature has her swing in me. I must.
Therefore I crave you (as you are my brother)
To shake this dull and muddy humor off,
By visiting the streets, and quit your chamber,
Which is a sickness to you.
Ar. O my sister!
Di. I can say, O my brother too, to shew you
How it becomes you. I have the same cause
Equally with your self, to spend my life
In sollitary mourning; and would do it,
Could it make good our loss: My honor'd Father!

A tear has ſcap'd me there : But that's by th'by,
And more of anger 'gainſt his enemy,
And his for ever curſ'd poſterity,
That rob'd us of a Father, then of ſorrow
For what we know is unrecoverable.
But to ſit grieving over his Memory
In a reſolved ſilence, as you do;
Killing your own blood while a vein holds any
Proceeding from the fleſh, that drew out his,
Is meerly idle. Mingle then your grief
With thought of brave revenge : And do it not
In private Meditation in your Chamber;
But bear it out till it proceed to Action.

Ar. By powring blood on blood ?

Di. By quenching fire
Of high revenge, with baſe unmanly blood;
By ſtopping of our Fathers cureleſs wounds
(Which ſtill bleed freſh in our vex'd memories)
With the proud fleſh of him that butcher'd ours.

Ar. We know he lives not that has ſlain our Father;
Or, if he lives, tis where I cannot reach him :
He nere ſaw Engliſh harbour ſince his ſword
Unfortunately had the better of my father.

Di. But his ſon lives.

Ar. Good ſiſter cool thy paſſion
With reaſonable means.

Di. O where's the ſpirit
That my ſlain father had. Have you no part of't ?
Muſt I now play the Man, whilſt you inherit
Onely my Mothers puling diſpoſition ?

Ar. I know thy driſt, good ſiſter *Dionſia*,
Is not unto revenge, or blood; but to ſtir up
Some motion in me, to prevent the danger
A ſad retiredneſs may bring upon me.

Di. Be't as you think it, ſo you will abroad;
And make the houſe no longer dark with ſighing. *Ent.* Raſe

Now

Now Sir the newes with you?
Ra. Newes worth your hearing,
Meerly to laugh at: Good for nothing elſe.
Di. Is the old Ruffian tane, and hang'd, that ſlew
My Father; or his ſon Brain-battered; or
His Daughter made a proſtitute to ſhame?
Ar. How mercileſs are your wiſhes!
Ra. Lady, no.
But as I was hankring at an ordinary,
In queſt of a new Maſter (for this, here,
Will never laſt to a new livory
'Leſs he were merrier) I heard the braveſt noiſe
Of Laughter at a wicked accident
Of Marriage, that was chopt up this Morning.
Di. What marriage? Quickly.
Ra. Who do you think
Has married fair Miſtris *Millicent*?
Di. *Theophilus* (I can name him, though his father
Was fatal unto mine) was ſure to her.
Ra. Yes, but without a Prieſt. She has ſlipt his hold,
And is made faſt enough unto another,
For which fine Mr. *The.* ſo whines and chafes,
And hangs the head! More then he would do
For's father, were he hanged, as you did wiſh
For laughing newes eene now. Ther's ſport for you.
Di. It does me good to hear of any croſs
That may torment their family. I wiſh
Joy to the man that did beguile him of her
What ere he be.
Ar. But who has married her?
Ra. Thence ſprings the jeſt. Old Mr. *Quickſands*, Sir,
The bottomleſs devourer of young Gentlemen;
He that has liv'd, till paſt three-ſcore, a batcheler,
By three-ſcore i'the hundred; he that has
Undone by Mortgages and under-buyings
So many Gentlemen, that they all deſpair'd

Of means to be reveng'd.

Ar. But where's your Jeſt?

Ra. The Jeſt is, that they now have found that means (As they ſuppoſe) by making of him Cuckold. They are laying their heads together in every corner, Contriving of his horns, and drinking healths To the ſucceſs. And there were ſport for you now, If you were any body.

Ar. I'le abroad however.

Di. That's nobly ſaid. Take courage with you Brother.

Ar. And yet me thinks I know not how to look The wide world in the face, thus on the ſudden I would fain get abroad, yet be unknown.

Ra. For that Sir (look you) I have here, by chance, A falſe beard which I borrowed, with a purpoſe To ha' worn't and put a jeſt upon your ſadneſs.

Ar. Does it do well with me? Ar. *puts on*

Ra. You'l never have *the beard.*

One of your own ſo good: you look like *Hector.*

Ar. Go fetch my ſword and follow me.

Di. Be ſure you carry a ſtrict eye o're his actions, And bring me a true account.

Ra. I warrant you Miſtriſs.

Di. Do, and I'le love thee everlaſtingly. Why, now you are my brother.

Ar. Farewel Siſter. *Exit.* Ar. Ra.

Di. I hope he has ſome ſtratagem a foot In our revenge to make his honour good: It is not grief can quit a fathers blood. *Exit.*

Act 1. Scene 2.

Nathaniel. Phillis.

Nat. Prithee be and anſwered, and hang off o'me, I ha' no more to ſay to you in the way

You

You wot on *Phillis.*
Phi. Nor do I ſeek to you
In that way which you wot on, wanton Sir,
But to be honeſt, and to marry me.
You have done too much the tother way already.
Nat. I wiſh you were more thankful, Mrs. *Phillis,*
To one has taught you a trade to live upon:
You are not th'firſt by twenty I have taught it
That thrive well i'the world.
Phi. There are ſo many
Such teachers in the world; and ſo few
Reformers, that the world is grown ſo full
Of female frailties, the poor Harlotries
Can ſcarce already live by one another,
And yet you would have me thruſt in among'em.
Nat. I do not urge you. Take what courſe you pleaſe,
But look not after me: I am not mark'd
For Matrimony, I thank my ſtars.
Phi. Should I run evil courſes, you are the cauſe;
And may in time, curſe your own act in it:
You'l find th'undoing of an honeſt Maid
Your heavieſt ſin upon your bed of ſickneſs;
Twill coſt your ſoul the deepeſt groan it fetches;
And in that hope I leave you. *Exit.*
Nat. Farewel wag-tail.
Marry thee quoth a! That's wiſe work indeed!
If we ſhould marry every Wench we lie with,
'Twere after ſix a week with ſome of us.
(Marry love forbid) when two is enough to hang one.
Vin. Nat, we have ſought diligently, for fear The news that is abroad ſhould flie before us. *Enter* Vincent *and*
Nat. What news? What flying fame do you labour with? Edmond.
Ed. News that makes all the Gallants i'the Town
Fly out o'their little wits: They are ſo eager
Upon the joy. I mean ſuch youthful Gallants
As have, or ſold, or mortgag'd; or been cheated By

By the grave patron of Arch-coſonage,
Whoſe ſad miſfortune we are come to ſing:
Shall I need to name him to thee?
Nat. Who, the old Raſcal *Quickſands*? ſpeak good *Vince*,
What! has he hangd himſelf? ſpeak quickly prithe.
Vin. Worſe, worſe by half man. Durſt thou hear a news
Whoſe mirth will hazzard cracking of a rib?
Nat. I, and't be two. Here's hoopes enough beſides
To hold my drink in. Pray thee ſpeak; what miſchief
Is come upon him.
Ed. I pray thee gueſs again.
Nat. Has ſomebody over-reach'd him in his way
Of damnable extortion; and he cut his throat,
Or ſwallowed poiſon?
Vin. Ten times worſe then that too.
Nat. Is he then hoiſted into the Star-Chamber
For his notorious practiſes? or into
The high Commiſſion for his blacker arts?
Ed. Worſe then all this.
Nat. Pax, keep it to your ſelf then,
If you can think it be too good for me.
Why did you ſet me a longing? you cry worſe
And ten times worſe; and know as well as I,
The worſe it is to him, the better wel-come
Ever to me: And yet you tell me nothing.
Vin. He has married a young wife.
Nat. Has he Cadzooks?
Ed. We bring you no comfort, we.
Nat. Here go fine ſport, Ha, ha, ha. What is ſhe?
Would he had my wench, was here eene now,
What is ſhe he has married? quickly prithe.
Vin. One much too good for him.
Ed. The beauteous *Millicent*.
Driven by the tempeſt of her Uncles will,
Is like a pinnace forc'd againſt the Rock.
Nat. But he will never ſplit her, that's the beſt on't.

I hope ſhe'le break his heart firſt. Gentlemen,
I thank you for your news; and know what I
Will preſently go do.

Vin. Pray ſtay a little.

Ed. And take us with you. What will you go do?

Nat. That which we can all at once. Do not hold me.

Vin. We came to caſt a plot w'ye.

Nat. Caſt a pudding—How long ha'they been mar-
Ed. But this morning. (ried?

Nat. You'l ha'me come too late.
Ne're go 'tis a ſhame he was not Cuckolded
'Fore Dinner.

Vin. That had been a fine firſt courſe
At a wedding feaſt indeed. A little patience.

Nat. Pray let me take my courſe 'fore ſupper yet.

Ed. The buſineſs 'longs to us as much as you,
He has wrong'd us all alike. He has cozened us
As much as you.

Nat. He has made me ſo poor
That my poor whore eene now claim'd marriage of me.

Vin. The caſe is ours. His wrongs are common to us,
So ſhall his wife be, can we purchaſe her:
Did we bring you the news for you to run
And prevent us do you think?

Nat. Pardon my zeal good Gentlemen; which onely
Conſidered but the fitneſs of the Act,
And that 'tis more then time 'twere done ifaith.

Enter Theophilus *&* Arnold.

Ed. And ſee here comes a fourth man that (has loſt
More on her part, then we upon the Bridegrooms.

Vin. He's very ſowre and ſad. 'Tis crept upon him
By this untoward accident. (match;

Nat. 'Twould anger any man to be nos'd of ſuch a
But Ile remove his ſorrow——
Gentle *Theophilus*, you are well met,
Your ſorrow is familiar with us all
In the large loſs of your betrothed love; But

But, ſir, be comforted: you have our pitty
And our revenge to eaſe you. Tis decreed
Her husband ſhall be inſtantly a Cuckold.
The. Moſt ſinfully thou lyeſt; and all that give
Breath to that foul opinion. *Draw and fight.*
Nat. What do you mean.
The. Give me that thought from you; nay, from you all,
Or I will rip you for't.
Nat. Zooks what mean you.
Vin. Hold, Sir, forbear.
The. Ile have that thought out firſt.
Nat. I ſay he does deſerve to be a Cuckold;
Let him be what he will, a pox upon him.
Ed. Vin. So we ſay all.
The. What's that to ill in her?
I ſtand upon that point. Mans evil merit's
No warrant for a womans dishoneſty.
I ſay had ſhee a man forty degrees
Beneath his undeſervings, twere more poſſible
For him to deceive her with a good Life,
Then ſhee him with a wicked.
Nat. I ſay ſo too.
But then I ſay again, The more's the pitty.
The. Do and undoe. *He hurts him.*
Nat. Zookes now your bitch has bit me,
I ſay he will be one, he ſhall be one;
Ile make him one my ſelf. *Ent.* Ar. *in his fal beard he ſides with* Theoph.
Ed. Vin. And weell both help him. (Murder.
Arn. Why here's trim ſtuff. Help ho, Murder,
Art. This is oppreſſion gentlemen; an unmanly one. *Ext.* Na'. Vin. Ed.
Nat. What devils this rais'd? fall off, tis an ill buſi- (neſs.
Arn. Have you no hurt Sir.
The. No I'm confident.
Arn. By your favour, I will ſee. *Arnold ſearches* Theoph.
Art. What fortune's this,
I fought 'gainſt friends to ſave mine enemy,

But

But I hope neither know me. I deſire
To reſt hid to my friends for my offence to them,
And to mine enemy, till I make him dearer. *Exit.*

The. I told thee there was none.

Arn. I'm glad it proves ſo.

The. But wher's the Gentleman?

Arn. Do you not know him ſir?

The. Not I, tis the firſt time that ere I ſaw him;
To my remembrance; yet he fought for me.
Beſhrew thy idler care that made me loſe him,
What ſhould he be that ſo could fight for me,
Yet care not for my company? beſhrew thy heart.
Why ſhould he uſe me thus? I ſhall be ſick to think on't.
I'm made beholding now to I know not whom;
And I'm the worſt to ſue or ſeek to a man ——

Arn. That ſcurvy, between proud and baſhful quality,
You are famous for, as tother toy that haunts you.

The. What's that?

Arn. Why, to be deadly angry, ſir,
On leaſt occaſion, and friends as quickly.
Hot and cold in a breath: you are angry now
With him that fought for you I warrant you.

The. In troth I am, and friends with them I fought with;
He uſ'd me peeviſhly to leave me ſo,
Ere I could thank him.

Arn. So tis that I told you.

The. But did you mark th'humanity of my Gentlemen,
Cauſe ſhee's diſpoſ'd by her ſelf willed uncle
On that unworthy *Quick ſands* (Devil take him)
They thought twould ſound like muſick in my ears
To hear her diſgrace ſung; when her fair honour
Is all I have to love, now ſhee's took from me:
And that they'd go about to rob me of.
Heaven grant me patience. O my ſlaughter'd father!
I am thy ſon, and know by thy infirmity.

Arn. Me thinks, Sir, his example ſhould allay you:

Impa-

Impatience was his ruine.

The. Puſh, we ſee
Thieves daily hang'd for Robberies; yet ſome
Go on ſtill in the practice! What a fine
Is ſet upon the head of foul Adultery,
And yet our neighbours Wives can hardly ſcape us!
There's Lawes againſt extortion, and ſad penalties
Set upon Bribes,
Yet great mens hands ha'their fore-fathers itch!
Priſons are fill'd with Banckrupts; yet we ſee
How crafty Merchants often wrong their credits,
And *Lond'ners* flie to live at *Amſterdam!*
Nothing can baniſh Nature: That's the Moral.

Arn. It was indeed your Fathers known infirmity,
And ever incident to the nobleſt Natures.
But of your Father, is there yet no hope
Of better news?

The. No, certainly he's ſlain.

Arn. I have not heard a ſtory of more wonder;
That two ſuch men, of ſuch eſtates and years,
Having liv'd alwayes friends and neighbours nearly,
Should at the laſt fall out ſo mortally
On a poor caſt at bowles! Where waſt they fought?

The. It is uncertain. All we heard o'em
Was, they rode forth ('tis now a whole year paſt)
Singly to end their quarrel: But to what
Part of the kingdom, or the world they took,
We can by no inquiry find or hear
Of either of them. Sure they croſt the Seas,
And both are ſlain.

Arn. You ſpeak poor comfort Sir.

The. I ſpeak as my heart finds. She's gone for ever too;
Her hearts deſire be with her.

Arn. Now he's there again.

The. Then my poor Siſters ſickneſs; that torments me,
Never in health ſince our dear Father left us.

Arn.

Arn. And now there.

The. How ſhall I do to ſee theſe men again?
I ſhall not be at reſt till I be friends with'em.

Arn. Why here's the noble nature ſtill. 'Twil ſhew it ſelf.

The. I'le ſeek'em out. *Nathaniel* alwayes lov'd me. *Exit.*

Arn. Here's an unſettled humor. In theſe fits
He'e nere be mad, nor ever well in's wits. *Exit.*

Act 1. Scene 3.

Teſty. Quickſands. Millicent.

Teſ. Go to I ſay, go to; as y're my Neece,
And hope t'inherit any thing that's mine:
Shake off this Maiden peeviſhneſs. Do you whimper
Upon your wedding day? Or, do you think
You are not married yet? Did you not ſay
I *Millicent* take *Mandevill*? A ha!
Was it not ſo? Did not I give you too?
I that have bred you from the cradle up
To a fit growth to match with his fair years;
And far more fair eſtate.

Mil. I, there's the Match——

Teſ. Love him I charge you.

Mil. Ile endeavour't Sir.

Teſ. You will endeavour't! Is't no further yet?
Stand from her, Nephew! I'le ſo ſwinge her. Ha!

Quick. Let me intreat your patience. She's my wife Sir.

Teſ. Dandle her in her humour, do; and ſpoyle her.

Quick. 'Tis but her modeſty.

Teſ. Her ſullen doggedneſs,
I'le baſte it out of her. You do not know her
As I do, Nephew.

Quick. I ſhall, Sir, before morning
Better I doubt not. Come we ſhall agree.

Teſ. You will endeavour't! Come I'le ſee it done.

Marry

Marry a man firſt, and then endeavour
To love him will you? Ha! Is it but ſo?
I'le ſee you love him preſently. So to bed.
Mil. What before Supper?
Teſ. A poſſet and to bed,
I'le ſee it done. And cauſe you are ſo nice
(To bed I ſay) there I will ſee more done
Then I will ſpeak. Tell me of your endeavour!
Quick. Be not ſo rough and ſtiffe with her, good Uncle,
I know my ſupple tender dealing will
Get more upon her love then all your chidings.
Teſ. Such tender dealers ſpoyle young Brides; and get
Nothing of ſtubborneſs. Down with her I ſay
Now in her wedding ſheets: She will be naught elſe.
Mil. Conſtrue more charitably, I beſeech you,
My Virgin bluſhes.
Teſ. 'Tis your ſullenneſs;
Would you have brided it ſo lumpiſhly
With your ſpruce younker, that fine ſilken beggar,
Whoſe Land lies in your Husbands counting houſe,
Or the moſt part.
Mil. O my *Theophilus*.
Quick. Indeed the better half; not without hope
To have the reſt as he may want my money. (him,
Teſ. Would you have whin'd and pul'd, had you had
To bedward think you? yet to ſpeak the truth,
And that wherein ſhe has vext me a thouſand times,
I never ſaw her laugh, nor heard her ſing
In all my life: yet ſhe could both, I have heard,
In company ſhe lik'd.
Mil. It has been 'mong Maidens then.
But honour'd Sir (I know what I will do)
To let you ſee and hear, ſince you deſire
To have me ſhew a cheerfulneſs unto
My reverend Husband. Look you Sir, I'le kiſs him,
Clap him, and ſtroke him: Ha, my Joe, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Teſ.

Tef. Hey day.
Quick. She'l make me bluſh anon I think.
Mil. I'le ſing him ſongs too.
Tef. Whoop, how's this?
Mil. That I will chick, old ſongs and over old ones,
Old as thy reverend ſelf, my Chick a bird.
Quic. She cals me chick and bird: The common names
Witty wives that Cuckold their old cravend husbands.
Mil. (Shee ſings)
She made him a bed of the thiſtle down ſoft,
Shee laid her ſelf under to bear him a loft,
And ever ſhe ſung ſweet turn thee to me,
We'l make the new bed cry Jiggy Joggy.
Tef. What impudence is this.
Quic. Shee's gon as far
Beyond it now as it was to't.
Mil. Now may you anſwer.
(Shee ſings)
Go to bed ſweet heart I'le come to thee,
Make thy bed fine and ſoft I'le lig with thee. Ha, ha, ha.
Quic Is this your baſhful Neece.
Tef. What canſt thou mean by this? dos this become thee?
Mil Pray do not beat me o'my wedding might, but tell me
How this and half a dozen chopping Children may
Become an old mans wife ſome five years hence.
Quic. O intollerable!
Tef. Is't poſſible thou canſt do thus?
Mil. Let women judge. Tis very poſſible
That a young luſty wife may have ſix Children
By one at once in five years, Sir, and by
One Father too. I'le make him young enough
To Father mine.
Quic. Shee'l make a youth of me.
Mil. (She ſings.)
There was a Lady lov'd a ſwine. *Honey, quoth ſhe,*
And wilt thou be true love mine. *Hoogh, quoth he.*

Teſ. Do you hear gentlewoman; are you i'your wits?
Mil. Yes, and my own houſe I hope. I pray be civil,
Shall we to bed, Sir, ſupperleſs? you need
No ſtirring meats, it ſeems. I'm glad on't.
Come, biddy, come away, will you ſee Uncle
How I will love him now? come away.
Quic. My edge is taken off: this impudence
Of hers, has outfac'd my concupiſcence.
Daſht all quite out o' Countenance! what a beaſt
Was I to marry? Rather, what a beaſt
Am I to be? * How now! O horrible. *A ſowgelders horn blown.*
Teſ. What hidious noiſe is this.
Buz. I cannot help it. *Ent.* Buzzard.
While I went forth for the half pint of Sack
To make your prodigal poſſet; and the maid
(Watching the Milk, for running ore) forgot
To ſhut the door, they all ruſh'd in.
Quic. What they, what all?
Buz. Vizarded people, Sir, and odly ſhap'd.
You'l ſee anon. Their tuning o'their pipes,
And ſwear they'll gi'ye a willy nilly dance
Before you go to bed, tho'you ſtole your Marriage.
Quic. Outragious Royſters.
Teſ. Call and raiſe the ſtreet.
Mil. That were to let in violence indeed.
Theſe are ſome merry harmeleſs friends I warrant.
I knew I could not be ſo ill belov'd
Among the batchelers, but ſome would find
Way to congratulate our honoured Marriage.
Quic. What, with horn muſick?
Teſ. A new kind of flouriſh.
Quic. Tis a flat conſpiracy.
This is your baſhful modeſt whimpring Neece.
Teſ. Then let'em in. If they wrong us to night,
The Law to morrow ſhall afford us right.

Pray

Pray let's reſolve to ſeet. Here comes their Prologue. *flouriſh.*

Mer At a late Parliment held by the Gods, *Ent. Mercury.*
Cupid and *Hymen* fell at bitter ods
Upon an argument; wherein each did try
T'advance his own 'bove tothers deity,
Out of this queſtion, which might happier prove
Love without Marriage, or Marriage without love.
By the effects the tryal muſt be made:
So each from others Office drew his aid;
Cupid no more of *Hymens* matches fram'd;
Nor *Hymen* married thoſe that love inflam'd.
Now mark, the ſad effects this ſtrife begot,
Cupid his fiery darts and arrows ſhot
As thick as ere he did; and equal hearts
He wounds with equal love. But *Hymen* parts
Their forward hands (alas!) and joyneth none
But thoſe which his new match-Maker brings on,
(Old greedy *Avarice*) who by his ſpells,
In breaſts of Parents and of guardians dwells,
That force their tendelings to loathed beds;
Which uncouth Policie to ſorrow leads
Thouſands a thouſand wayes, of which the leaſt
Is this with which we celebrate your (feaſt.

Teſ. A ſpecial drove of horn beaſts. Enter four Maſquers with horns on their heads: a Stag, a Ram, and Goat, a an Ox followed by four perſons, a Courtier, a Captain, a Schollar and a Butcher.

Mer. Theſe few are thought enough (to ſhew how more
Would appear horrible, the town hath (ſtore.
The firſt's a Lawyer, who by ſtrife (prevail'd
To wed a wife, that was by love in- (tail'd
Unto that Courtier, who had the hap
Soon after to adorn him with that cap.
The next a country cormorant, whoſe great wealth,

By a bad fathers will, obtain'd by ſtealth
That valiant Souldiers Miſtreſs: for which matter
The Enginier his ſconſe with Rams did batter.
This an old Goatiſh Uſurer, that muſt
Needs buy a wretches daughter to his luſt;
Doated, and married her without a groat,
That Herald gave this creſt unto his coat.
And that's the Citizen, ſo broadly pated,
Which this mad Butcher, cuckold-anticipated.
Now by this dance let husband that doth wed
Bride from her proper love to loathed bed
Obſerve his fortune. Muſick ſtrike aloud *They dance to muſick of Cornets & Violins.*
The cuckolds joy, with merry pipe & crowd.

The Daunce. *Exit. Maſquers.*

Teſ. How now! all vaniſht! The devil take the hidmoſt.
Qui. The foremoſt I ſay; and lay him a block
For all the reſt to break their necks upon.
Teſ. Who are they? Can you gueſſe.
Mil. Truly, not I Sir,
Some of my husbands friends perhaps, that came
To warn him of his fortune.
Qui. Well conſider'd.
Mil. Lock the doors after 'em, and let us to bed;
And lock our ſelves up, chick, ſafe from all danger.
Qui. We will to bed chick, ſince you'l have it ſo.
This key ſhall be your guard: And here's another
Shall ſecure me. My houſe has ſtore of beds in't.
I bring you not to an unfurniſht dwelling.
Mil. Be not afraid to lie with me, good man,
Ile ſo reſtore thee 'gain with Cawdels and Cock-broths,
So cuckle the up to morrow, thou ſhalt ſee ----
Qui. O immodeſtie.
Mil. Thou haſt good ſtore of gold, and ſhalt not want it
In Culliſes: in every broth Ile boil

An

An angel at the leaſt.

Qui. Ile hang firſt.

Teſ. I am quite out of wits; and yet Ile counſel
Thee, Nephew. Heark thee. *They whiſper*

Buz. Tis like to be mad counſel.

Mil. But will you not lie with me then?

Teſ. No marry ſhall he not.
Nephew, You ſhall not, till ſhee bride it modeſtly.
Tis now too late, but Ile ſo rattle her up to morrow.

Buz. Tis too late now, & yet he'l do't to morrow good!

Teſ. Will you to your lodging?

Mil. Where be my bride-maids?

Teſ. They wait you in your chamber.

Buz. The devil o'maid's i'this but my fellow *Madge* the
Kitching maid, and *Malkin* the Cat, or batchelor Lut n
ſelf, and an old Fox, that my maſter has kept a prentiſhip
to palliate his palſie.

Mil. Where be the maids, I ſay; and Batchelors
To diſappoint my husband.

Qui. Mark you that?

Mil. I mean, to take your points. But you have none.
O thrifty age! My Bridegroom is ſo wiſe,
Inſtead of points, to hazzard hooks and eyes.

Buz. Shee means the eyes in's head, Ile hang elſe.
My Maſter is like to make a blind match here.

Teſ. Take up the lights, ſirrah.

Qui. I hope ſhe talks ſo idly, but for want
Of ſleep; and ſleep ſhe ſhall for me to night.

Teſ. And well ſaid Nephew. Will you to your chamber,
Miſtreſs? ----

Mil. Hey ho, to bed, to bed, to bed.
No Bride ſo glad ---- to keep her Maiden-head.

Exeunt omnes.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Lucy. Phillis.

Lu. Y'are the firſt Maid that ere I entertain'd
Upon ſo ſmall acquaintance. Yet y'are welcom,
I like your hand and carriage.
Phi. 'Tis your favour.
But love, they ſay ſweet Miſtriſs, is receiv'd
At the firſt ſight, and why not ſervice then,
Which often brings more abſolute returns
Of the dear truſt impos'd, and firmer faith
By Servants then by Lovers?
Lu. Stay there *Phillis*.
I may, by that, conjecture you have been
Deceiv'd by ſome falſe Lover.
Phi. Who, I Miſtriſs?
I hope I look too merrily for ſuch a one,
Somewhat too courſly too, to be belov'd;
If I were ſad and handſome, then it might
Be thought I were a little love ſick. Pray
How long has this diſeaſe affected you;
This melancholy, Miſtriſs? Not ever ſince
You loſt your father I hope.
Lu. For the moſt part.
Thou ſaidſt, me thought, that love might be tane in
At the firſt ſight.
Phi. There 'tis. I find her.
Love, Miſtriſs? yes, a Maid may take in more
Love at one look, or at a little loop-hole,
Then all the Doddy-poles in Town can purge
Out of her while ſhe lives; ſhe ſmothring it,
And not make known her paſſion. There's the miſchief!
Lu. Suppoſe ſhe love an enemy to her houſe.
Phi. An enemy! Put caſe the caſe were yours.

Lu.

Lu. But 'tis no caſe of mine; put by I pray thee.

Phi. I'le put it to you though I miſs your caſe.
Suppoſe it were your houſe, and Maſter *Arthur*,
Whoſe father was your fathers enemy,
Were your belov'd------

Lu. Pray thee no more.

Phi. Now I have ſtruck the vein. Suppoſe I ſay,
All this were true; would you confound your ſelf
In ſmothering your love, which, in it ſelf,
Is pure and innocent, until it grow
To a pernicious diſeaſe within you;
And hide it in your boſom, till it work
Your kindled heart to aſhes?

Lu. Thou haſt won
My patience to attention: Therefore tell me
If thou canſt find or think it honourable
In me to take ſuch an affection?

Phi. Yes, and religious; moſt commendable,
Could you but win his love into a marriage,
To beget peace between your families.
How many, and what great examples have we,
From former ages, and of later times,
Of ſtrong diſſentions between furious factions,
That to their oppoſite houſes have drawn in
Eithers Allies and Friends, whole Provinces,
Yea, Kingdoms into deadly oppoſition;
Till the wide wounds on both ſides have ſent forth
Rivers of blood, which onely have been ſtop'd
By the ſoft bands of love in marriages
Of equal branches, ſprung from the firſt roots
Of all thoſe Hell-bred hatreds!

Lu. My good Maid------

Phi. Yes, I have been a good one to my grief.

Lu. Thou haſt given me ſtrength to tell thee, and I hope
When it is told, I ſhall have yet more eaſe.

Phi. I warrant you Miſtriſs. Therefore out with it.

Lu. I love that worthy Gentleman; and am confident
That in the time of our two fathers friendſhip
He'affected me no leſs: But ſince that time
I have not ſeen him, nor dare mention him
To wrong my brothers patience, who is ſo paſſionate,
That could he but ſuſpect I bred a thought
That favour'd him, I were for ever loſt.
For this ſad cauſe, as well as for the loſs
Of my dear Father, I have ſigh'd away
Twelve Moons in ſilent ſorrow; and have heard
That *Arthur* too (but for what cauſe I know not)
Has not been ſeen abroad; but ſpends his time
In penſive ſolitude.

Phi. Perhaps he grieves
As much for the ſuppoſed loſs of you,
As of his Father too.

Lu. The beſt conſtruction,
I make of his retiredneſs, is the bleſt
Prevention (which I daily pray for) of
A fatal meeting 'twixt him and my Brother,
Which would be ſure the death of one or both.
And now that fear invades me, as it does alwayes,
My Brother being abroad; and ſuch an abſence
Has not been uſual: I have not ſeen him
Since yeſterday---- (your mind,

Phi. Fear nothing, Miſtriſs. Now you have eas'd
Let me alone to comfort you. And ſee your Brother.

The. How is it with you Siſter? *Enter* Theoph.

Phi. Much better now then when you left me Brother,
If no ill accident has happened you
Since your departure; as I fear there has:
Why look you elſe ſo ſadly? ſpeak, dear Brother.
I hope you did not meet the man you hate.
If you did, ſpeak. If you have fought and ſlain him,
I charge you tell, that I may know the worſt
Of fortune can befal me: I ſhall gain

Per-

Perhaps a death by't.

The. You ſpeak as if you lov'd the man I hate,
And that you fear I have kil'd him.

Phi. Not for love
Of him I aſſure you Sir; but of your ſelf.
Her fear in this caſe, Sir, is that the Law
May take from her the comfort of her life
In taking you from her, and ſo ſhe were
But a dead woman. We were ſpeaking
Of ſuch a danger juſt as you came in;
And truly, Sir, my heart even trembles-trembles-trembles,
To think upon it yet. Pray, Sir, reſolve her.

The. Then 'twas your frivolous fear that wrought in her.
Good Siſter be at peace: for, by my love to you,
(An oath I will not violate) I neither ſaw
Nor ſought him, I. But other thoughts perplex me.

Lu. What, were you at the wedding, Brother?

The. Whoſe wedding, Siſter?

Lu. Your loſt love *Millicents.* Are you now ſad
After your laſt leave taking?

The. What do you mean?

Lu. There may be other matches, my good Brother----

The. You wrong me ſhameſully, to think that I
Can think of other then her memorie.
Though ſhe be loſt and dead to me, can you
Be ſo unnatural as to deſire
The ſeparation of a thought of mine
From her dear memorie; which is all the comfort
My heart is married to, or I can live by.

Phi. Surely good Sir, in my opinion,
Sharp, eager ſtomacks may be better fed
With a very ſmell of meat, then the bare thought
Of the moſt curious dainties-----

The. What piece of impudence have you receiv'd
Into my houſe?

Lu. Pray Brother pardon me.

I took her, as I find her, for my comfort,
She has by councel and diſcourſe wrought much
Eaſe and delight into my troubled thoughts.
The. Good Maid forgive me; and my gentle Siſter,
I pray thee bear with my deſtractions.
Phi. A good natur'd Gentleman for all his haſty flaſhes.
The. And now I'le tell you Siſter (do not chide me)
I have a new affliction.
Lu. What is it brother?
The. I am ingag'd unto a Gentleman,
(A noble valiant Gentleman) for my life,
By hazarding his own, in my behalf.
Lu. It was then againſt *Arthur*.
What villain was't durſt take your cauſe in hand
Againſt that man?
The. You wrong me beyond ſuffrance,
And my dear fathers blood within your ſelf,
In ſeeming careful of that mans ſafety-----
Phi. His ſafety Sir? Alas! ſhe means, he is
A villain that would take the honor of
His death out of your hands, if he muſt fall
By ſword of man.
The. Again, I ask you pardon. But I had
A quarrel yeſterday, that drew ſtrong odds
Upon my ſingle perſon; Three to one:
When, at the inſtant, that brave Gentleman
With his ſword, ſides me, puts 'em all to flight----
Lu. But how can that afflict you?
The. How quick you are!
Lu. Good Brother I ha'done.
The. My affliction is,
That I not know the man, to whom I am
So much ingag'd, to give him thanks at leaſt. *Enter*
O Sir y'are welcome, though we parted ſomewhat *Nath.*
Abruptly yeſterday.
Nat. I thank you Sir.

The.

The. Pray thee *Nat.* tell me, for I hope thou know'ſt him;
What Gentleman was that came in betwixt us?

Nat. If the devil know him no better, he will loſe
A part of his due I think. But to the purpoſe,
I knew your wonted nature would be friends
With me before I could come at you. However, I
Have news for you that might deſerve your love,
Were you my deadly enemy.

The. What is't pray thee?

Nat. Sweet Miſtriſs *Lucy* ſo long unſaluted? *Kiſs.*

Lu. My Brother attends your news Sir.

Nat. My Wench become her Chamber-maid! very pretty!
How the Jade mumps for fear I ſhould diſcover her.

The. Your news good *Nat*? what is it ready made,
Or are you now but coining it?

Nat. No, it was coin'd laſt night, o'the right ſtamp,
And paſſes current for your good. Now know,
That I, and *Mun*, and *Vince*, with divers others
Of our Comrades, were laſt night at the Bride-houſe.

The. What miſchief did you there?

Nat. A Maſque, a Maſque lad, in which we preſented
The miſeries of inforced Marriages
So lively----Zooks, lay by your captious countenance,
And hear me handſomely.

Lu. Good brother do, it has a fine beginning.

Nat. But mark what follows;
This morning, early up we got again,
And with our Fidlers made a freſh aſſault
And battery 'gainſt the bed-rid bride-grooms window,
With an old ſong, a very wondrous old one,
Of all the cares, vexations, fears and torments,
That a decrepit, naſty, rotten Husband
Meets in a youthful, beauteous, ſprightly wife:
So as the weak wretch will ſhortly be afraid,
That his own feebler ſhadow makes him Cuckold.

Our

Our Maſque o're night begat a ſeparation
Betwixt'em before bed time: for we found
Him at one window, coughing and ſpitting at us;
She at another, laughing, and throwing money
Down to the Fidlers, while her Uncle *Teſty*,
From a third Port-hole raves, denouncing Law,
And thundring ſtatutes 'gainſt their Minſtralſie.
Lucy. Would he refuſe his bride-bed the firſt night?
Phi. Hang him.
Nat. Our Horn-maſque put him off it, (bleſs my invention)
For which, I think, you'l Judge ſhe'le forſake him
All nights and dayes hereafter. Here's a bleſſing
Prepard now for you, if you have grace to follow it.
The. Out of my houſe, that I may kill thee; Go:
For here it were inhoſpitable. Hence,
Thou buſie vaillain, that with ſugard malice
Haſt poyſon'd all my hopes; ruin'd my comforts
In that ſweet ſoul for ever. Go, I ſay,
That I may with the ſafety of my man-hood,
Right me upon that miſchievous head of thine.
Nat. Is this your way of thanks for courteſies;
Or is't our luck alwayes to meet good friends,
And never part ſo? yet before I go,
I will demand your reaſon (if you have any)
Wherein our friendly care can prejudice you;
Or poyſon any hopes of yours in *Millicent*?
Lu. Pray brother tell him.
The. Yes: that he may die
Satisfied, that I did but Juſtice on him,
In killing him. That villain, old in miſchief,
(Hell take him) that has married her, conceives
It was my plot (I know he does) and, for
A ſure revenge, will either work her death
By poyſon, or ſome other cruelty,
Or keep her lock'd up in ſuch miſery,

That

That I ſhall never ſee her more.
Nat. I anſwer-- --
The. Not in a word, let me intreat you, go.
Nat. Fair Miſtriſs *Lucy*-----
The. Neither ſhall ſhe hear you.
Nat. Her Maid ſhall then: or I'le not out to night.
Phil. On what acquaintance Sir. *He takes*
Nat. Be not afraid: I take no notice o'thee, *her aſide.*
I like thy courſe, Wench, and will keep thy councel,
And come ſometimes, and bring thee a bit and th'wilt.
Phi. I'le ſee you choak'd firſt.
Nat. Thou art not the firſt
Caſt Wench that has made a good Chamber-maid.
Phi. O you are baſe, and I could claw your eyes out.
Nat. Pray tell your Maſter now: ſo fare you *Exit.*
(well Sir.
Lu. I thank you, Brother, that you promiſe me
You will not follow him now, ſome other time
Will be more fit. What ſaid he to you, *Phillis*?
Phi. Marry he ſaid (help me good apron ſtrings.)
The. What was it that he ſaid?
Phi. I have it now.
It was in anſwer, Sir, of your objections.
Firſt, that you fear'd the old man, wickedly,
Would make away his wife: to which he ſaies,
That is not to be fear'd, while ſhe has ſo
Much fear of Heaven before her eyes. And next,
That he would lock her up from ſight of man:
To which he anſwers, ſhe is ſo indued
With wit of woman, that were ſhe lock'd up,
Or had locks hung upon her, locks upon locks;
Locks of prevention, or ſecurity:
Yet being a woman, ſhe would have her will;
And break thoſe locks as eaſily as her Wedlock.
Laſtly, for your acceſs unto her ſight;
If you have Land he ſaies to ſell or Mortgage,
He'le undertake his doors, his wife and all, Shall

Shall fly wide open to you.

The. He could not ſay ſo.

Lu. Troth, but tis like his wild way of expreſſion.

Phi. Yes; I knew that: my wit elſe had been puzzl'd.

The. And now I find my ſelf inſtructed by him;
And friends with him again. Now, *Arnold*, any tidings.

Ar. Not of the gentleman that fought for you. *Ent. Arn.*
But I have other newes thats worth your knowledge.
Your enemy, young *Arthur*, that has not
Been ſeen abroad this twel'moneth is got forth
In a diſguiſe I hear, and weapon'd well.
I have it from moſt ſure inteligence.
Look to your ſelf, ſir.

Lu. My blood chills again.

The. Pſeugh, Ile not think of him. To dinner ſiſter.

Act. 2 Scene. 2.

Quick-ſands. Teſty. Millicent.

Qui. Here was a good night, and good morrow to
Given by a crew of Devils.

Teſ. 'Twas her plot,
And let her ſmart for't.

Mil. Smart, Sir, did you ſay?
I think 'twas ſmart enough for a young Bride
To be made lye alone, and gnaw the ſheets
Upon her wedding.

Teſ. Rare impudence!

Mil. But for your ſatisfaction, as I hope
To gain your favour as you are my Uncle, *Ent. Buz. with a paper.*
I know not any acter in this buſineſs.

Buz. Sir, her's a letter thrown into the entry. *Quick reads it.*

Teſ. It is ſome villanous libel then I warrant.
Sawſt thou not who convai'd it in?

Buz. Not I. I onely found it, Sr.

Qui.

Qui. Pray read it you. Not my own house free from 'em!
The devil ow'd me a spight, and when he has plow'd
An old mans lust up, he sits grinning at him.
Nay, I that have so many gallant enemies
On fire, to do me mischief, or disgrace;
That I must provide tinder for their sparks!
The very thought bears weight enough to sink me.
Mil. May I be worthy, Sir, to know your trouble?
Qui. Do you know your self?
Mil. Am I your trouble then?
Qui. Tis sworn and written in that letter there
Thou shalt be wicked. Hundreds have tane oaths
To make thee false, and me a horned Monster.
Mil. And does that trouble you?
Tes. Does it not you? (tience,
Mil. A dream has done much more. Pray, Sir, your pa-
And now I will be serious, and endeavour
To mend your faith in me. Is't in their power
To destroy vertue, think you; or do you
Suppose me false already; tis perhaps
Their plot to drive you into that opinion.
And so to make you cast me out amongst'em:
You may do so upon the words of strangers;
And if they tell you all, your gold is counterfeit,
Throw that out after me.
Tes. Now shee speaks woman.
Mil. But since these men pretend, and you suppose'em
To be my friends, that carry this presumption
Over my will, Ile take charge of my self,
And do fair justice, both on them and you:
My honour is my own; and i'm no more
Yours yet, on whom my Uncle has bestowed me,
Then all the worlds (the ceremony off)
And will remain so, free from them and you;
Who, by the false light of their wild-fire flashes
Have slighted and deprav'd me and your bride bed;

Till

Till you recant your wilfull ignorance,
And they their petulant folly.

Tef. This founds well.

Mil. Both they and you trench on my Peace and Honor;
Dearer then beauty, pleaſure wealth and fortune;
I would ſtand under the fall of my eſtate
Moſt chearefully, and ſing: For there be wayes
To raiſe up fortunes ruines, were her towers
Shattered in pieces, and the glorious ball
Shee ſtands on cleft aſunder: But for Peace
Once ruin'd, there's no reparation;
If Honour fall, which is the ſoul of life,
Tis like the damned, it nere lifts the head
Up to the light again.

Tef. Neece, thou haſt won mee;
And Nephew, ſhe's to good for you. I charge you
Give her her will: Ile have her home again elſe.

Qui. I know not what I can deny her now.

Mil. I ask but this, that you will give me leave
To keep a vow I made, which was laſt night
Becauſe you flighted me.

Tef. Stay there a little.
I'le lay the price of twenty Maidenheads
Now, as the market goes, you get not hers
This ſeav'night.

Mil. My vow is for a moneth; and for ſo long
I crave your faithful promiſe not to attempt me.
In the mean time becauſe I will be quit
With my trim, forward Gentlemen, and ſecure you
From their aſſaults; let it be given out,
That you have ſent me down into the countrey
Or back unto my Uncles; whither you pleaſe.

Quic. Or, tarry, tarry···· ſtay, ſtay here a while.

Mil. So I intend, Sir, Ile not leave your houſe,
But be lock'd up in ſome convenient room
Not to be ſeen by any, but your ſelfe:

Or

Or elſe to have the liberty of your houſe
In ſome diſguiſe, (if it were poſſible)
Free from the leaſt ſuſpition of your ſervants.
Teſ. What needs all this?
Do we not live in a well govern'd City?
And have not I authority? Ile take
The care and guard of you and of your houſe
'Gainſt all outragious attempts; and clap
Thoſe Goatiſh Roarers up, faſt as they come.
Quic. I underſtand her driſt, Sir, and applaud
Her quaint deviſe. Twill put 'em to more trouble,
And more expence in doubtful ſearch of her,
The beſt way to undo 'em is to foil 'em
At their own weapons. Tis not to be thought
The'l ſeek, by violence to force her from me,
But wit; In which wee'l overcome 'em.
Teſ. Agree on't twixt your ſelves. I ſee y'are friends.
I'le leave you to your ſelves.
Heark hither Neece.-- Now I dare truſt you with him.
He is in yeares, tis true. But hear'ſt thou girl
Old Foxes are beſt blades.
Mil. I'm ſure they ſtink moſt.
Teſ. Good keeping makes him bright and young again.
Mil. But for how long.
Teſ. A year or two perhaps.
Then, when he dies, his wealth makes thee a Counteſs.
Mil. You ſpeak much comfort, Sir.
Teſ. That's my good Girl.
And Nephew, Love her, I find ſhe deſerves it;
Be as benevolent to her as you can;
Shew your good will at leaſt. You do not know
How the good will of an old man may work
In a young wife. I muſt now take my journey
Down to my countrey houſe. At your moneths end
Ile viſit you again. No ceremony
Joy and content be with you.
Quic. Mil. And a good journey to you. *Exit Teſt.*

Quic. You are content you ſay to be lock'd up
Or put in ſome diſguiſe, and have it ſaid
Y'are gone unto your Uncles. I have heard
Of ſome Bridegrooms, that ſhortly after Marriage
Have gone to ſee their Uncles, ſeldom Brides.
I have thought of another courſe.

Mil. Be't any way.

Quic. What if it were given out y'are run away
Out of a deteſtation of your match?

Mil. 'Twould pull a blot upon my reputation.

Quic. When they conſider my unworthineſs
'Twill give it credit. They'l commend you for it.

Mil. You ſpeak well for your ſelf.

Quic. I ſpeak as they'l ſpeak.

Mil. Well; let it be ſo then: I am content.

Quic. Wee'l put this inſtantly in act. The reſt,
As for diſguiſe, or privacy in my houſe,
You'll leave to me.

Mil. All, Sir, to your diſpoſe,
Provided ſtill you urge not to infringe
My vow concerning my virginity.

Quic. Tis the leaſt thing I think on,
I will not offer at it till your time.

Mil. Why here's a happineſs in a husband now

exeunt.

Act 2. Scene 3.

Dionyſia. Raſe.

Dio. Thou tell'ſt me things, that truth never came near.

Ra. Tis perfect truth: you may believe it, Lady.

Dio. Maintain't but in one ſillable more, I'le tear
Thy miſchievious tongue out.

Ra. Fit reward for Tell-troths.
But that's not the reward you promis'd me

For

For watching of your brothers actions;
You ſaid forſooth (if't pleaſe you to remember)
That you would love me for it.

Dio. Arrogant Raſcal.
I bad thee bring account of what he did
Againſt his enemy; and thou reportſt.
He took his enemies danger on himſelf,
And help't to reſcue him whoſe bloody father
Kild ours. Can truth or common reaſon claim
A part in this report? My brother doe't!
Or draw a ſword to help *Theophilus.*

Ra. Tis not for any ſpight I ow my Maſter,
But for my itch at her that I do this.
I am ſtrangely taken. Such brave ſpirited women
Have cheriſh'd ſtrong back'd ſervingmen ere now.

Dio. Why doſt not get thee from my ſight, falſe fellow?

Ra. Ile be believed firſt. Therefore pray have patience
To peruſe that. *gives her a paper.*

Dio. My brothers charecter!
Theophilus ſiſters name---- The brighter *Lucy*
So often written? nothing but her name----
But change of attributes --- one ſerves not twice.
Bleſſed, divine, Illuſtrious, all perfection;
And (ſo heaven bleſs me) powerful in one place.
The worſt thing I read yet, heap of all vertues ---
Bright ſhining, and all theſe aſcrib'd to *Lucy.*
O! could curſe thee now for being ſo juſt
Would thou had'ſt belied him ſtill.

Ra. I nere belied him, I.

Dio. O miſchief of affection! Monſtrous! horrid.
It ſhall not paſs ſo quietly. Nay ſtay.

Ra. Shee'l cut my throat I fear.

Dio. Thou art a faithful ſervant.

Ra. It may do yet:
To you I am ſweet Lady, and to my maſter
In true conſtruction: he is his friend I think

That finds his follies out to have them cur'd,
Which you have onely the true ſpirit to do.
Dio. How I do love thee now!
Ra. And your love Miſtreſs,
(Brave ſprightly Miſtreſs) is the ſteeple top
Or rather Weathercock o'top of that
To which aſpires my lifes ambition.
Dio. How didſt thou get this paper.
Ra. Amongſt many
Of his rare twelve-moneths melancholy works,
That lie in's ſtudy. Miſtreſs tis apparent
His melancholy all this while has been
More for her Love, then for his fathers death.
Dio. Thou haſt my love for ever.
Ra. Some ſmall token
In earneſt of it. Miſtreſs, would be felt, *He offers to*
Dio. Take that in earneſt then. *kiſs her, ſhe*
Ra. It is a ſure one. *ſtrikes him.*
And the moſt feeling pledge ſhe could have given:
For ſhe is a virago. And I have read
That your viragoes uſe to ſtrike all thoſe
They mean to lie with: And from thence tis taken
That your brave active women are call'd ſtrikers.
Dio. Set me that chair.
Ra. The warm touch of my fleſh
Already works in her. I ſhall be ſet
To better work immediately. I am prevented.
Away and be not ſeen. Be ſure I love thee. *Enter Arthur.*
Ra A ha! This clinches. Another time I'm ſure on't. *exit.*
Ar. Siſter! where are you? How now! not well or (*She ſits.*
Dio. Sick brother -- ſick at heart, oh --- (ſleepy.
Ar. Paſſion of heart! where are our ſervants now
To run for doctors? ho ----
Dio. Pray ſtay and hear me.
Her's no work for them. They'l find a maſter here
Too powerful for the ſtrength of all their knowledge.

Ar.

Ar. What at thy heart?
Dio. Yes, brother, at my heart.
Too ſcornful to be diſpoſſeſt by them.
Ar. What may that proud grief be? good ſiſter name it.
Dio. It grieves me more to name it, then to ſuffer't.
Since I have endur'd the worſt on't, and prov'd conſtant
To ſufferance and ſilence, twere a weakneſs
Now to betray a ſorrow, by a name,
More fit to be ſeverely felt then known.
Ar. Indeed I'le know it.
Dio. Rather let me die,
Then ſo afflict your underſtanding, Sir.
Ar. It ſhall not afflict me.
Dio. I know you'l chide me for't.
Ar. Indeed you wrong me now. Can I chide you?
Dio. If you be true and honeſt you muſt do't,
And hartily.
Ar. You tax me nearly there.
Dio. And that's the phyſick muſt help me or nothing:
Ar. With grief I go about to cure a grief then.
Now ſpeak it boldly, Siſter.
Dio. Noble Phyſitian --- It is ---
Ar. It is! what is it? If you love me, ſpeak.
Dio. Tis -- love and I beſeech thee ſpare me not.
Ar. Alas dear ſiſter, canſt thou think that love
Deſerves a chiding in a gentle breaſt?
Dio. Do you pitty me already. O faint man
That trembleſt but at opening of a wound!
What hope is there of thee to ſearch and dreſs it?
But I am in thy hands, and forc'd to try thee.
I love --- *Theophilus* ---
Ar. Ha!
Dio. *Theophilus*, brother;
His ſon that ſlew our father. Ther's a love!
O more then time 'twere look'd, for fear it feſters.
Ar. She has put me to't indeed. What muſt I do?

She has a violent ſpirit; ſo has he;
And though I wiſh moſt ſeriouſly the match,
Whereby to work mine own with his fair Siſter,
The danger yet, in the negotiation
May quite deſtroy my courſe; ſpoyle all my hopes.
Ile therefore put her off on't if I can.

Dio. Can you be tender now?

Ar. What! To undo you?
I love you not ſo ſlightly. Pardon me.
A rough hand muſt be us'd: For here's a wound
Muſt not be gently touch'd; you periſh then,
Under a Brothers pitty. Pray ſit quiet;
For you muſt ſuffer all.

Dio. I'le ſtrive to do it.

Ar. To love the Son of him that ſlew your Father!
To ſay it ſhews unlovingneſs of nature;
Forgetfulneſs in blood, were all but ſhallow
To the great depth of danger your fault ſtands in.
It rather juſtifies the act it ſelf,
And commends that down to poſterity
By your blood-cheriſhing embraces. Children,
Born of your body, will, inſtead of tears,
By your example, offer a thankful joy
To the ſad memory of their Grandſires ſlaughter.
Quite contrary! How fearful 'tis to think on't!
What may the world ſay too? There goes a daughter,
Whoſe ſtrange deſire leap'd from her Fathers ruine;
Death gave her to the Bride-groom; and the marriage
Knit faſt and cemented with blood. O Siſter----

Dio. O Brother.

Ar. How! Well? And ſo quickly cur'd?

Dio. Diſſembler; foul diſſembler.

Ar. This is plain.

Dio. Th'haſt play'd with fire; and like a cunning fel-
Bit in thy pain o'purpoſe to deceive (low
Anothers tender touch. I know thy heart weeps

For

For what't has ſpoke againſt. Thou that darſt love
The daughter of that Feind that ſlew thy father,
And plead againſt thy cauſe! unfeeling man,
Can not thy own words melt thee? To that end
I wrought and rais'd'em: 'Twas to win thy health,
That I was ſick; I play'd thy diſeaſe to thee,
That thou mightſt ſee the loath'd complection on't,
Far truer in another then ones ſelf.
And, if thou canſt, after all this, tread wickedly,
Thou art a Rebel to all natural love,
And filial duty; dead to all juſt councel:
And every word thou mock'dſt with vehemence
Will riſe a wounded father in thy conſcience,
To ſcourge thy Judgement. There's thy Saint croſt out,
And all thy memory with her. I'le nere truſt
Revenge again with thee (ſo falſe is manhood)
She tears & throws the paper to him.
But take it now into mine own power fully,
And ſee what I can do with my life's hazard;
Your purpoſe ſhall nere thrive. There I'le make ſure work. *Exit.*

Ar. How wiſe and cunning is a womans malice;
I never was ſo cozened. *Exit.*

Act 3. Scene 1.

Quick-ſands. Buzzard. Madge.

Quic. Out of my doors pernicious knave and harlot;
Avaunt I ſay.

Buz. Good Maſter.

Mad. Pray you worſhip.

Quic. You have all the wages you are like to have.

Buz. Nay, I dare take your word for that: you'l keep
All moneys faſt enough whoſe ere it be,
If you but gripe it once.

Quic. I am undone,
And ſham'd for ever by your negligence,
Or malice rather: for how can it be
She could depart my houſe without your knowledge.
Buz. That curſed Miſtris that ever ſhe came here!
If I know of her flight, Sir, may theſe hands
Never be held up, but to curſe you onely,
If you caſhier me thus: becauſe you have loſt
your wife before ſhe was well found, muſt we
Poor innocents be guilty?
Mad. For my part,
Or ought I know ſhe may as well be gone
Out o'the the chimney top as out o'door.
Quic. The door muſt be your way; and find her out,
Or never find my door again. Be gone.
Buz. Mad. O, you are a cruel Maſter. *Exit.*
Quic. So, ſo, ſo.
Theſe cries are laughter to me: Ha, ha, ha.
I will be *Maſter* of my invention once,
And now be bold to ſee how rich I am
In my concealed wealth. Come, precious mark
Of beauty and perfection, at which envy
Enter Milicent.
And luſt aim all their ranckling poyſonous arrowes.
But Ile provide they nere ſhall touch thy blood.
Mil. What, are your ſervants gone?
Quic. Turn'd, turn'd away
With blame enough for thy ſuppoſ'd eſcape:
Which they will rumor ſo to my diſgrace
Abroad, that all my envious adverſaries
Will, betwixt joy of my conceiv'd misfortune
In thy dear loſs, and their vain hopes to find thee,
Run frantick thorow the ſtreets, while we at home
Sit ſafe, and laugh at their defeated malice.
Mil. But now for my diſguiſe.
Quic. I, that, that, that.

Be but ſo good and gentle to thy ſelf,
To hear me and be rul'd by me in that,
A Queens felicity falls ſhort of thine.
Ile make thee Miſtreſs of a Mine of treaſure,
Give me but peace the way that I deſire it --
Mil. Some horrible ſhape ſure that he conjures ſo.
Quic. That I may fool iniquity, and Triumph
Over the luſtful ſtallions of our time;
Bed-bounders, and leap-Ladies (as they terme'em)
Mount-Miſtreſſes, diſeaſes ſhackle'em,
And ſpittles pick their bones. (you.
Mil. Come to the point. What's the diſguiſe, I pray
Qui. Firſt know, my ſweet, it was the quaint deviſe
Of a *Venetian* Merchant, which I learnt
In my young factorſhip.
Mil. That of the *Moor*?
The Backamore you ſpake of? Would you make
An *Negro* of me.
Qui. You have paſt your word,
That if I urge not to infringe your vow
(For keeping this moneth your virginity)
You'l wear what ſhape I pleaſe. Now this ſhall both
Kill vain attemps in me, and guard you ſafe
From all that ſeek ſubverſion of your honour.
Ile fear no powder'd ſpirits to haunt my houſe,
Roſe-footed fiends, or fumigated Goblins
After this tincture's laid upon thy face,
'Twil cool their kidnies and allay their heats. *A box of*
Mil. Bleſs me! you fright me, Sir. Can *black paint-*
(jealouſie *ing.*
Creep into ſuch a ſhape? Would you blot out
Heavens workmanſhip?
Qui. Why think'ſt thou, fearful Beauty,
Has heaven no part in *Ægypt*? Pray thee tell me,
Is not an *Ethiopes* face his workmanſhip
As well as the fair'ſt Ladies? nay, more too

Then

Then hers, that daubs and makes adulterate beauty?
Some can be pleas'd to lye in oyles and paſte,
At ſins appointment, which is thrice more wicked.
This (which is ſacred) is for ſins prevention.
Illuſtrious perſons, nay, even Queens themſelves
Have, for the glory of a nights preſentment,
To grace the work, ſuffered as much as this.

Mil. Enough Sir, I am obedient.

Quic. Now I thank thee.
Be fearleſs love; this alters not thy beauty,
Though, for a time obſcures it from our eyes.
Thou maiſt be, while at pleaſure, like the Sun;
Thou doſt but caſe thy ſplendor in a cloud,
To make the beam more precious in it ſhines.
In ſtormy troubled weather no Sun's ſeen
Sometimes a moneth together: 'Tis thy caſe now.
But let the roaring tempeſt once be over,
Shine out again and ſpare not.

Mil. There's ſome comfort.

Quic. Take pleaſure in the ſcent firſt; ſmell to't fearleſly,
And taſte my care in that, how comfortable — He begins to paint her.
'Tis to the noſtril, and no foe to feature.
Now red and white thoſe two united houſes,
Whence beauty takes her fair name and deſcent,
Like peaceful Siſters under one Roof dwelling
For a ſmall time; farewel. Oh let me kiſs ye
Before I part with you----Now Jewels up
Into your Ebon Caſket. And thoſe eyes,
Thoſe ſparkling eyes, that ſend forth modeſt anger
To ſindge the hand of ſo unkind a Painter,
And make me pull't away and ſpoyle my work,
They will look ſtreight like Diamonds, ſet in lead,
That yet retain their vertue and their value.
What murder have I done upon a cheek there!
But there's no pittying: 'Tis for peace and honour;
And pleaſure muſt give way. Hold, take the Tincture,

And

And perfect what's amiss now by your glass.
Mil. Some humbler habit must be thought on too.
Quic. Please your own fancy. Take my keys of all;
In my pawn Wardrobe you shall find to fit you.
Mil. And though I outwardly appear your Drudge,
'Tis fit I have a Maid for private service:
My breeding has not been to serve my self. *Exit.*
Quic. Trust to my care for that. One knock. In; in. Mil.
Is it to me your business? Enter *Phillis* like a Cook-maid.
Phi. Yea, if you
Be Master *Quick-sands* Sir; the Masters worship
Here o'the house.
Quic. I am so. What's your business?
Phi. 'Tis upon that, Sir, I would speak Sir, hoping
That you will pardon my presumptuousness,
I am a Mother that do lack a service.
Quic. You have said enough. I'le entertain no Mothers.
A good Maid servant, knew I where to find one.
Phi. He is a knave, and like your worship, that
Dares say I am no Maid; and for a servant
(It ill becomes poor folks to praise themselves,
But) I were held a tydie one at home.
Quic. O th'art a *Norfolk* woman (cry thee mercy)
Where Maids are Mothers, and Mothers are Maids.
Phi. I have friends i'th'City that will pass their words
For my good bearing.
Quic. Hast thou?
Phi. Yes indeed, Sir.
I have a Cousen that is a Retorney
Of *Lyons-Inn*, that will not see me wrong'd;
And an old Aunt in *Muggle-street*, a Mid-wife,
That knows what's what as well's another woman.
Qui. But where about in *Norfolk* wert thou bred?
Phi. At *Thripperstown* Sir, near the City of *Norwich*.
Quick. where they live much by spinning with the
Phi. Thripping they call it, Sir. (Rocks?
Quic.

Quic. Doſt thou not know one *Hulverhead* that keep
An Innocent in's houſe.

Phi. There are but few innocents i'the countrey Sr.
They are given too much to law for that: what ſhould
That *Hulverhead* be a councellor, Sir.

Quic. No a husband man.

Phi. Truly I know none.

Quic. I am glad ſhe do's not. How knew'ſt thou I wanted
A ſervant.

Phi. At an old wives houſe in Bow-lane
That places ſervants, where a maid came in
You put away to day.

Quic. All, and what ſaid ſhe?

Phi. Truly to ſpeak the beſt and worſt, forſooth,
She ſaid her fault deſerv'd her puniſhment
For letting of her Miſtreſs run away.

Quic. The nevves goes current. I am glad o'that.

Phi. And that you were a very ſtrict hard man,
But very juſt in all your promiſes.
And ſuch a maſter vvould I ſerve to chuſe.

Quic. This innocent countrey Mother takes me.
Her looks ſpeak Wholeſomneſs; and that old vvoman
That Bovv-lane purveyor hath fitted me
With ſerviceable ware theſe dozen years.
I'le keep her at the leaſt this Gander moneth,
While my fair vvife lies in of her black face,
And virgin vovv; in hope ſhe's for my turn.
Luſt, vvhen it is reſtrained, the more tvvil burn.

Phi. May I make bold to crave your anſvver, Sir?

Quic. Come in, I'le talk vvith you. *Exit.*

Phi. Proſper novv my plot,
And hulk, thou art tvvixt vvind and vvater ſhot.

Exit.

Act. 3.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Nathaniel. Vincent. Edmond. Buzzard.

Boy. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Nat. Let's ha'good wine, Boy, that muſt be our welcome.

Boy. You ſhall, you ſhall Sir.

Within. Ambroſe, Ambroſe;

Boy. Here, here, anon, anon, by and by, I come, I come. *Ex. Jerom, Jerom,* draw a quart of the beſt Canary into the

Buz. This is a language that I have not heard. (*Apollo.* You underſtand it, Gentlemen.

Vin. So ſhall you anon maſter *Buzzard.*

Buz. Your friend and *Jonathan* Buzzard kind gentlemen.

Nat. What excellent luck had we, friend *Buzzard,* to meet with thee, juſt as thy Maſter caſt thee off.

Buz. Juſt Sir, as I was going I know not whither: And now I am arrived at juſt I know not where. Tis a rich room, this. Is it not Goldſmiths hall.

Nat. It is a Tavern man.--- And here comes the wine. Fill boy --- and her's to thee friend, a hearty draſt to chear thee --- fill again boy --- There, drink it off.

Ed. Off with it man. --- hang ſorrow, chear thy heart.

Buz. And truly ti's the beſt chear that ere I taſted.

Vin. Come taſt it better, her's another to thee.

Buz. --- And truly this was better then the firſt.

Ed. Then try a third. That may be beſt of all.

Buz. -- And truly, ſo it is -- how many ſorts of wine May a vintner bring in one pot together?

Nat. By *Bacchus* Mr. *Buzzard,* that's a ſubtil queſtion.

Buz. *Bacchus*! whoſe that I pray? (company indeed.

Vin. A great friend of the vintners, and maſter of their

Buz. I was never in all my life ſo far in a tavern before. What comforts have I loſt.

Ed. Now he begins to talk.

Buz.

Buz. Nor ever was in all my two and twenty years under that *Babilonian* Tyrant *Quicksands*, ſo far as a Vintners bar but thrice.

Nat. But thrice in all that time?

Buz. Truly but thrice Sir. And the firſt time was to fetch a jill of ſack for my Maſter, to make a friend of his drink, that joyned with him in a purchaſe of ſixteen thouſand pound. (beer bowl.

Vin. I, there was thriſt. More wine boy. A pottle and a

Buz. The ſecond time was for a penny pot of Muſcadine, which he drank all himſelf with an egge upon his wedding morning. (ning away.

Nat. And to much purpoſe, it ſeem'd by his wives run-

Buz. The third and laſt time was for half a pint of ſack upon his wedding night, of later memory; and I ſhall nere forget it, that riotous wedding night: when Hell broke looſe, and all the devils danced at our houſe, which made my Maſter mad, whoſe raving made my miſtriſs run away, whoſe running away was the cauſe of my turning away. O me, poor maſterleſs wretch that I am. ---O ---. (fuſion.

Na. Hang thy maſter, here's a full bowl to his con-

Buz. I thank you. Let it come Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Vin. Think no more of Maſters, friends are better (then Maſters.

Buz. And you are all my friends kind gentlemen, I found it before in your money when my Maſter (whoſe confuſion I have drunk) took your Mortgages; And now I find it in your wine. I thank you kind gentlemen ſtill. O how I love kind Gentlemen.

Nat. That ſhewes thou art of gentle blood thy ſelf, friend (*Buzzard.*

Buz. Yes friend---Shall I call you friend?

All. By all means, all of us.

Buz. Why then, all friends, I am a gentleman, though ſpoild i'the breeding. The *Buzzards* are all gentlemen,

W:

We came in with the Conqueror. Our name (as the French has it) is *Beau-deſert*; which ſignifies-----Friends, what does it ſignifie?

Vin. It ſignifies, that you deſerv'd fairly at your maſters hands, like a Gentleman, and a *Buzzard* as you were, and he turn'd you away moſt beaſtly like a ſwine, as he is. And now here is a health to him, that firſt finds his wife, and ſends her home with a bouncing boy in her belly for him to father.

Buz. Ha, ha, ha. Ile pledge that: and then Ile tell you (a ſecret.

Nat. Well ſaid friend; up with that, and then out with (thy ſecret.

Buz. I will friend. And tother two friends, here's upon (the ſame.

Ed. I hope he will ſhew us a way, out of the bottom of his bowl to find his Miſtreſſe.

Vin. This fellow was happily found.

Buz. This was an excellent draught.

Nat. But the ſeeret, friend, out with that, you muſt keep no ſecrets amongſt friends.

Buz. It might prove a ſhrew'd matter againſt my miſchevious Maſter as it may be handled.

Nat. Hang him cullion, that would turn thee away. Wee'l help thee to handle it, fear it not.

Buz. Hearк you then all friends. Shall I out with it?

Vin. What elſe.

Buz. Ile firſt take tother cup, and then out with't altogether---And now it comes---If my Miſtreſs do bring him home a baſtard, ſhe's but even with him.

Nat. He has one I warrant. Has he cadzooks?

Buz. That he has by this moſt delicate drink. But it is the Arſivarſieſt Aule that ever crept into the world. Sure ſome Goblin got it for him; or chang'd it in the neaſt, thats certain.

Nat. I vow thou uttereſt brave things. Is't a boy?

Buz.

Buz. It has gone for a boy in ſhort coats and long coats this ſeaven and twenty years.

Ed. An Idiote is it.

Buz. Yes: A very natural; and goes a thiſſen; and looks as old as I do too. And I think if my beard were off, I could be like him: I have taken great pains to practiſe his ſpeech and action to make my ſelf merry with him in the countrey.

Nat. Where is he kept, friend, where is he kept.

Buz. In the further ſide of *Norfolk*, where you muſt never ſee him. Tis now a dozen years ſince his father ſaw him, and then he compounded for a ſum of mony with an old man, one *Hulverhead*, to keep him for his life time; and he never to hear of him. But I ſaw him within theſe three moneths. We hearken after him, as land-ſick heirs do after their fathers, in hope to hear of his end at laſt.

Vin. But heark you, friend, if your beard were off, could you be like him think you? What if you cut it off, and to him for a father.

Nat. Pray thee hold thy peace.

Buz. My beard, friend, no: My beard's my honour. Hair is an ornament of honour upon man or woman.

Nat. Come, come; I know what we will do with him. Mun, knock him down with the other cup. We'l lay him to ſleep; but yet watch and keep him betwixt hawk and buzzard as he is, till we make excellent ſport with him.

Buz. Hey ho. I am very ſleepy.

Nat. See he jooks already. Boy ſhew us a private room.

Boy. This way, Gentlemen.

Buz. Down, *Plumpton-parke*, *&c.* *They lead* Buz. *out, and he ſings.*

Act. 3. Scene. 3.

Lucy. Theophilus.

Lu. Indeed you were unkind to turn away
My maid (poor harmleſs maid) whoſe innocent mirth
Was the beſt chear your houſe afforded me.
The. I am ſorry ſiſter, truſt me, truly ſorry,
And knew I which way to recover her
With my beſt care I would. Yet, give me leave,
I ſaw her overbold; and overheard her
Say, ſhe foreſaw that *Arthur* my ſole enemy
Should be your husband. Ile marry you to death firſt.
Lu. Now you fly out again.
The. Your pardon again your ſiſter,
And for your ſatisfaction I will ſtrive
To overſway my paſſion. How now *Arnold*, *Ent. Arn.*
Me thinks I read good newes upon thy face.
Ar. The beſt, Sir, I can tell is, the old *Jew*
Quicksands has loſt his wife.
The. She is not dead,
Ar. Tis not ſo well for him: for if ſhe were
He then might overtake her though ſhe were
Gone to the devil. But ſhe's run away:
But to what corner of the earth, or under
Whoſe bed to find her is not to be thought.
It has rais'd ſuch a laughter in the town
Among the Gallants ---!
The. And do you laugh too?
Ar. Yes; and if you do not out-laugh all men
That hear the joyful newes, tis too good for you.
The. I am too merciful, I kill thee not.
Out of my doors, thou villain, reprobate.
He beats Arnold.
Ar. Hold, Pray Sir, hold.

The. Never while I have power to lift a hand
Againſt thee, miſchievous Villain.
Lucy Is not this paſſion, brother?
The. Forbear, ſiſter.
This is a cauſe turns patience into fury.
Lu. Arnold, forbear his ſight.
The. And my houſe too.
Or villain, look to die, oft as I ſee thee. *Ext. The. Lu.*
Arn. Turn'd out o'doors! A dainty frantick humour
In a young Maſter! Good enough for me though;
Becauſe tis proper to old ſerving-men
To be ſo ſerv'd. What courſe now muſt I take?
I am too old to ſeek out a new Maſter.
I will not beg, becauſe Ile croſſe the proverb
That runs upon old ſerving creatures; ſtealing
I have no minde to: Tis a hanging matter.
Wit and invention help me with ſome ſhift *He kneels.*
To help a caſt-off now at a dead-lift.
Sweet fortune hear my ſuit. *Ent. Nat. Vin. Edm.*
Nat. Why how now, *Arnold*! What, at thy devotion?
Ar. Ile tell you in your ear, ſir, I dare truſt you. *Nat. &*
Vi. Could earthly man have dreamt this Raſcal *Arnold*
Quick ſands. whiſper.
Whoſe Letchery, to all our thinking, was
Nothing but greedy Avarice and coſonage,
Could have been all this while a conceal'd whoremaſter,
To have a Baſtard of ſo many years
Nurſled i'th' Countrey?
Ed. Note the puniſhments
That haunt the Miſcreant for his black miſdeeds;
That his baſe off-ſpring proves a natural Ideot;
Next that his wife, by whom he might had comfort
In progeny, though of ſome others getting,
Should with her light heels make him heavie-headed
By running of her Countrey! And laſtly that
The blinded wretch ſhould caſt his ſervant off,
Who was the cover of his villany,

To

To ſhew us (that can have no mercy on him)
The way to plague him.
Vin. Ha, ha, ha---- *Ed.* What do'ſt laugh at ?
Vin. To think how nimble the poor *uzzard* is
To be reveng'd on's Maſter ; How he has Shap'd himſelf ;
Cut off his beard, and practis'd all the poſtures
To act the Changeling baſtard.
Ed. Could we light
Upon ſome quaint old fellow now, could match him
To play the clown that brings him up to town,
Our company were full, and we were ready
To put our project into preſent action.
Nat. Gentlemen, we are fitted: take this man w'ye
He is the onely man I would have ſought,
To give our project life. I'le truſt thee *Arnold*,
And truſt thou me, thou ſhalt get pieces by't ;
Beſides, Ile piece thee to thy Maſter again.
Ar. That clinches Sir.
Nat. Go follow your directions.
Vin. Come away then. *Ex. Vin. Ed. Arn.*
Nat. Sweet mirth thou art my Miſtreſs. I could ſerve (thee.
And ſhake the thought off of all woman kind
But that old wonts are hardly left. A man
That's enter'd in his youth, and throughly ſalted
In documents of women, hardly leaves
While reins or brains will laſt him : Tis my caſe.
Yet mirth, when women fail, brings ſweet incounters
That tickle up a man above their ſphear :
They dull, but mirth revives a man : who's here, *En. Art.*
The ſolitary muſing man, cal'd *Arthur*,
Poſſeſs'd with ſeriours vanity; Mirth to me !
The world is full : I cannot peep my head forth
But I meet mirth in every corner : Ha !
Sure ſome old runt with a ſplay-foot has croſt him !
Hold up thy head man ; what doſt ſeek ? thy grave ?
I would ſcarſe truſt you with a piece of earth

You would chuſe to lye in though; if ſome plump Miſtriſs
Or a deft Laſs were ſet before your ſearch.
Ar. How vainly this man talks!
Nat. Gid ye good den forſooth.
How vainly this man talks! ſpeak but truth now,
Does not thy thought now run upon a Wench?
I never look'd ſo but mine ſtood that way.
Ar. 'Tis all your glory that; and to make boaſt
Of the variety that ſerves your luſt:
Yet not to know what woman you love beſt.
Nat. Not I cadzooks, but all alike to me,
Since I put off my Wench I kept at Livory:
But of their uſe I think I have had my ſhare,
And have lov'd every one beſt of living women;
A dead one I nere coveted, that's my comfort:
But of all ages that are preſſable;
From ſixteen unto ſixty; and of all complections
From the white flaxen to the tawney-Moor;
And of all ſtatures between Dwarf and Giants;
Of all conditions, from the Doxie to the Dowſabel.
Of all opinions, I will not ſay Religious:
(For what make they with any?) and of all
Features and ſhapes, from the huckle-back'd Bum-creeper,
To the ſtreight ſpiny Shop-maid in St. *Martins*.
Briefly, all ſorts and ſizes I have taſted.
Ar. And thinkſt thou haſt done well in't!
Nat. As well as I could with the worſt of'em tho'I
Few men come after me that mend my work. (ſay't.
Ar. But thou nere thinkſt of puniſhments to come;
Thou dream'ſt not of diſeaſes, poverty,
The loſs of ſenſe or member, or the croſs
(Common to ſuch looſe livers) an ill marriage;
A hell on earth to ſcourge thy conſcience.
Nat. Yes, when I marry, let me have a wife
To have no mercy on me; let the fate
Of a ſtale dovting Batchelor fall upon me;

Let

Let me have *Quicksands* curſe, to take a Wife
Will run away next day, and proſtitute
Her ſelf to all the world before her Husband.
Ar. Nay, that will be too good: If I foreſee
Any thing in thy marriage deſtiny,
'Twil be to take a thing that has been common
To th'world before, and live with thee perforce
To thy perpetual torment.
Nat. Cloſe that point.
I cannot marry. Will you be merry, *Arthur*?
I have ſuch things to tell thee.
Ar. No, I cannot.
Nat. Pray thee come cloſer to me. What has croſt thee?
Is thy ſuppos'd ſlain father come again,
To diſpoſſeſs thee for another life time?
Or has thy valiant ſiſter beaten thee? Tell me.
It ſhall go no further.
Ar. Let your valiant wit
And jocound humor be ſuppos'd no warrant
For you t'abuſe your friends by.
Nat. Why didſt tell me of marrying then? But I
Have done. And now pray ſpeak what troubles you.
Ar. I care not if I do: For 'twill be Town talk.
My Siſter on a private diſcontent
Betwixt her ſelf and me hath left my houſe.
Nat. Gone quite away?
Ar. Yes, And I know not whither.
Nat. Beyond Sea ſure to fight with th'Air, that took
Her fathers laſt breath into't. Went ſhe alone?
Ar. No, No; My man's gone with her.
Nat. Who, the fellow
That brags on's back ſo; the ſtiff ſtrong chin'd Raſcal?
Ar. Even he.
Nat. The devil is in theſe young Tits,
And wildfire in their Cruppers.
Ar. Let me charm you,

By all our friendſhip, you nor ſpeak nor hear
An ill conſtruction of her act in this.
I know her thoughts are noble; and my wo
Is ſwoln unto that fulneſs, that th'addition
But of word in ſcorn would blow me up
Into a cloud of wild diſtemper'd fury
Over the heads of all whoſe looſer breath
Dare raiſe a wind to break me. Then I fall
A ſodain ſtorm of ruin on you all. *Exit.*

Nat. I know not how to laugh at this: It comes
So near my pitty. But ile to my Griggs
Again; And there will find new mirth to ſtretch
And laugh, like tickled wenches, hand ore head. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scene 1.

Dionyſia in mans habit, Kaſe.

Dio. How does my habit and my arms become me?
Ka. Too well to be a woman, manly Miſtreſs.
Dio. Wher's the piſtol you provided for me.
Ka. Here Miſtreſs and a good one.
Dio. Tis too long.
Ka. No Lady would wiſh a ſhorter. If it were
'Twould bear no charge, or carry nothing home.
Dio. Ile try what I can do. Thou think'ſt me valiant.
I'm ſure I have often felt it.
Ka. All the virago's that are found in ſtory,
Penthesilea and *Symaramis*
Were no ſuch handy ſtrikers as your ſelf:
But they had another ſtroke, could you but find it,
Then you were excellent. I could teach it you.
Dio. I dare not underſtand thee yet. Be ſure
As you reſpect my honour, or your life
That you continue conſtant to my truſt,
And ſo thou canſt not know how much Ile love thee.

Ka.

Ra. There is a hope as good, now, as a promiſe.
Dio. Here at this Inne abide, and wait my coming
Be careful of my guildings: Be not ſeen
Abroad for fear my brother may ſurpriſe you.
Ther's money for you; and ere that be ſpent
Tis like I ſhall return. *Exit.*
Ra. Beſt ſtars attend you,
Mars arm thee all the day; and *Venus* light
Thee home into theſe amorous arms at night. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scene. 2.

Quicksands. Millicent, her face black.

Quic. Be chear'd my love; help to bear up the joy,
That I conceive by thy concealed Beauty,
Thy rich impriſon'd beauty, whoſe infranchiſement
Is now at hand, and ſhall ſhine forth again
In its admired glory. I am rapt
Above the ſphear of common joy and wonder
In the effects of this our quaint complot.
Mil. In the mean time, though you take pleaſure in't,
My name has dearly ſuffered.
Quic. But thine honor
Shall, in the vindication of thy name,
When envy and detraction are ſtruck dumb
Gain an eternal memory with vertue;
When the diſcountenanc'd wits of all my jierers
Shall hang their heads, and fall like leaves in Autumn.
O how I laugh to hear the coz:n'd people
As I paſs on the ſtreets abuſe themſelves
By idle queſtions and falſe reports.
As thus: good morrow Maſter *Quicksands*; pray
How fares your beauteous bedfellow? ſays another
I hear ſhe's not at home. A third ſayes no:
He ſaw her yeſterday at the ſtill-yard

With ſuch a Gallant, ſowſing their dry'd tongues
In *Rhemiſh*, *Deal*, and *Back-rag*: Then a fourth
Sayes he knowes all her haunts and Meetings
At Bridgfoot, Bear, the Tunnes, the Cats, the Squirels;
Where, when, and in what company to find her,
But that he ſcornes to do poor me the favour:
Becauſe a light piece is too good for me.
While a fifth youth with counterfeit ſhew of pity,
Meets, and bewails my caſe, and ſaies he knowes
A Lord that muſt be nameleſs keeps my wife
In an inchanted Caſtle two miles Weſt
Upon the River ſide: but all conclude ---

Mil. That you are a monſtrous cuckold, and deſerve it.

Quic. Knowing my ſafety, then, and their foul errors,
Have I not cauſe to laugh? Yes, in abundance.
Now note my plot, the height of my invention
I have already given out to ſome,
That I have certain knowledge you are dead,
And have had private burial in the countrey;
At which my ſhame, not grief, forbad my preſence:
Yet ſome way to make known unto the world
A husbands duty, I reſolve to make
A certain kind of feaſt, which ſhall advance
My joy above the reach of ſpight or chance.

Mil. May I partake, Sir, of your rich conceit?

Quic. To morrow-night expires your limited moneth
Of vow'd virginity; It ſhall be ſuch a night;
In which I mean thy beauty ſhall break forth
And dazle with amazement even to death
Thoſe my malicious enemies, that rejoyc'd
In thy ſuppos'd eſcape, and my vexation.
I will envite 'hem all to ſuch a feaſt
As ſhall fetch bluſhes from the boldeſt gueſt;
I have the firſt courſe ready ---

Mil. And if I
Fail in the ſecond, blame my houſwifery.

A ſide, one knocks.

Quic.

Qui. Away, ſome body comes; I gueſs of them
That have jeer'd me, whom I muſt jeer again. *Ex.Mil.*
Gallants y'are welcom. I was ſending for ye. *En.Nat.*
Nat. To give us that we come for? *Vin.Ed.*
Qui. What may that be?
Vin. Trifles you have of ours.
Qui. Of yours, my Maſters?
Ed. Yes, you have in mortgage
Three-ſcore pound Land of mine inheritance.
Vin. And my Annuity of a hundred Marks.
Nat. And Jewels, Watches, Plate, and cloaths of mine,
Pawn'd for four hundred pound. Will you reſtore all?
Qui. You know all theſe were forfeited long ſince,
Yet I'le come roundly to you, Gentlemen.
Ha'you brought my moneys, and my intereſt?
Nat. No ſurely. But we'le come as roundly to you
As moneyleſs Gentlemen can. You know
Good Offices are ready money Sir.
Qui. But have you Offices to ſell, good Sirs.
Nat. We mean to do you Offices worth your money.
Qui. As how, I pray you.
Nat. Marry, Sir, as thus;
We'le help you to a man that has a friend----
Vin. That knows a party, that can go to the houſe----
Ed. Where a Gentleman dwelt, that knew a Scholar
Nat. That was exceeding wel acquainted with a Traveler
Vi. That made report of a great Magician beyond the Seas.
Ed. That might ha'been as likely as any man in all the world.
Nat. To have helpt you to your wife again.
Qui. You are the merrieſt mates that ere I cop'd withal.
But to be ſerious Gentlemen, I am ſatisfied
Concerning my loſt Wife. She has made even
With me and all the World.
Nat. What is ſhe dead?
Qui. Dead, Dead: And therefore as men uſe to mourn

Fo

For kind and loving wives, and call their friends
Their choiceſt friends unto a ſolemn banquet
Serv'd out with ſighs and ſadneſs, while the widowers
Blubber, and bath in tears (which they do ſeem
To wring out of their fingers ends and noſes)
And after all the demure ceremony.
Are ſubject to bethought diſſemblers, I
(To avoid the ſcandal of Hypocreſie,
Becauſe 'tis plain ſhe lov'd me not) invite
You and your like that lov'd her and not me,
To ſee me in the pride of my rejoycings,
You ſhall find entertainment worth your company,
And that let me intreat to morrow night.

Nat. You ſhall ha'mine.

Vin. To morrow night ſay you.

Quic. Yes gallants: fail not, as you wiſh to view
Your mortgages and pawns again. Adieu. *Exit.*

Nat. We came to jear the *Jew*, and he jears us.

Vin. How glad the raſchal is for his Wives death.

Nat. An honeſt man could not have had ſuch luck.

Ed. He has ſome further end in't, could we gueſs it,
Then a meer merriment for his dead wives riddance.

Vin. Perhaps he has got a new Wife, and intends
To make a funeral and a Marriage feaſt
In one to hedge in charges.

Ed. He'd be hang'd rather then marry again.

Nat. Zooks, would he had ſome deviliſh jealous hilding,
'Twould be a rare addition to his mirth,
For us to bring our antick in betwixt'em
Of his changling Baſtard.

Vin. How ere we'll grace his feaſt with our preſentment.

Nat. Wher's the *Buzzard*?

Vin. We left him with his foſter father, *Arnold*,
Buſy at rehearſal practiſing their parts.

Ed. They ſhall be perfect by to morrow night.

Nat. If not unto our profit, our delight. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act 4. Scene 3.

Theophilus. Lucy.

Lu. Brother be comforted.
The. Let not the name
Or empty ſound of comfort mix with th'air
That muſt invade theſe ears: They are not capable,
Or, if they be, they dare not, for themſelves,
Give the conveyance of a ſillable
Into my heart, that ſpeak not grief or ſorrow.
Lu. Be griev'd then, Ile grieve with you: For each ſigh
You waſte for *Millicents* untimely death
Ile ſpend a tear for your as fruitleſs ſorrow.
The. That's moſt unſutable; y'are no company
For me to grieve with if you grieve for me;
Take the ſame cauſe with me; you are no friend
Or ſiſter elſe of mine. It is enough
To ſet the world a weeping!
Lu. So it is;
All but the ſtony part of 't.
The. Now you are right. Her husband's of that part;
He cannot weep by nature: But Ile find
A way by art in Chymiſtry to melt him.
At leaſt extract ſome drops. But do you weep
Indeed for *Millicent*? What, all theſe tears?
Lu. All for your love.
The. She is my love indeed; and was my wife.
But for the empty name of marriage onely.
Lu. But now ſhe's yours for ever. You enjoy her
In her fair bleſſed memory; in her goodneſs,
And all that has prepar'd her way for glory.
The. Let me embrace thee ſiſter. How I reverence
Any fair honour that is done to her,

Now

Now thou ſhalt weep no more: Thou haſt given me com-
In ſhewing me how ſhe's mine. And tears indeed (fort
Are all too weak a ſacrifice for her
But ſuch as the heart weeps. *Enter Page.*

Lu. Sit down brother.
Sing boy the mornful ſong I bad you practiſe.

Song.

The. Call you this mournful. Tis a wanton air.
Go y'are a naughty child indeed, Ile whip you
If you give voice unto ſuch notes,
Lu. I know not brother how you like the air,
But in my mind the words are ſad, Pray read'em.
The. They are ſad indeed. How now my boy, doſt weep?
I am not angry now.
Pa. I do not weep,
Sir, for my ſelf. But ther's a youth without
(A handſome youth) whoſe ſorrow works in me:
He ſayes he wants a ſervice, and ſeeks yours.
The. Doſt thou not know him.
Pa. No: but I pity him.
The. O, good boy, that canſt weep for a ſtrangers miſery!
The ſweetneſs of thy dear compaſſion
Even melts me too. What does he ſay he is.
Pa. Tis that Sir, that will grieve you when you hear it.
He is a poor kinſman to the gentlewoman
Lately deceaſ'd that you ſo lov'd and mourn for.
The. And doſt thou let him ſtay without ſo long?
Mercileſs Villain! run and fetch him quickly.
Lu. O brother ---
The. Siſter, can I be too zealous
In ſuch a cauſe as this? For heark you, ſiſter, *Enter Dioniſia*
Dio. There was no way like this to get within'em,
Now courage keep true touch with me. Ile vex
Your cunning and unnatural purpoſe, brother,

If

If I do nothing elſe.

Pa. Sir, here's the youth?

The. A lovely one he is, and wondrous like her,
O let me run and claſp him; hang about him,
And yoak him to me with a thouſand kiſſes!
I ſhall be troubleſome and heavy to thee,
With the pleaſ'd waight of my inceſſant love.
Youth of a happy kindred, which foreruns
A happy fortune ever. Pray thee, ſiſter,
Is he not very like her?

Lu. If I durſt
I would now ſay, this were the better beauty,
For it reſembles *Arthurs*.

The. I'st not her face? you do not mind me ſiſter:

Lu. Hers was a good one once, and this is now.

The. Why ſiſter, you were wont to take delight
In any comfort that belong'd to me;
And help to carry my joyes ſweetly: now
You keep no conſtant courſe with me.

Dio. This man
Melts me---alas, Sir, I am a poor boy.

The. What, and allied to her? impoſſible!
Where ere thou liv'ſt her name's a fortune to thee.
Her memory amongſt good men ſets thee up;
It is a word that commands all in this houſe.

Dio. This ſnare was not well laid. I fear my ſelf.

The. Live my companion; my eſpecial ſweet one,
My brother and my bedfellow thou ſhalt be.

Dio. By lakin but I muſt not, though I find
But weak matter againſt it. --- This my courage!

The. She took from earth, how kind is heaven, how good
To ſend me yet, a joy ſo near in blood!
Good noble youth, if there be any more
Diſtres'd of you, that claims aliance with her
Though a far off; deal freely; let me know it,
Give me their ſad names; Ile ſeek 'em out,

And

And like a good great man, in memory humble
Nere ceaſe until I plant'em all in fortunes,
And ſee'em grow about me.

Dio. I hear of none, my ſelf excepted, Sir.

The. Thou ſhalt have all my care then, all my love.

Dio. What make I here? I ſhall undo my ſelf.

The. Yet note him ſiſter.

Dio. I ther's the mark my malice chiefly aims at;
But then, he ſtands ſo near, I wound him too.
I feel that muſt not be. Art muſt be ſhewen here.

The. Come, you ſhall kiſs him for me, and bid him (welcome.

Lu. You are moſt welcome, Sir, and were her name
To which you are allied, a ſtranger here,
Yet, Sir, believe me, you in thoſe fair eyes
Bring your own welcome with you.

Dio. Never came Malice 'mong ſo ſweet a people.
It knowes not how to look, nor I on them.

Lu. Let not your gentle modeſty make you ſeem
Ungentle to us, by turning ſo away.

The. That's well ſaid ſiſter, but he will and ſhall
Be bolder with us, ere we part.

Dio. I ſhall too much I fear. ---

The. Come gentle bleſſing,
Let not a miſery be thought on here,
(If ever any were ſo rude to touch thee)
Between us we'll divide the comfort of thee.

Exeunt Omnes.

Act. 4. Scene. 4.

Millicent. Phillis.

Mil. I have heard thy ſtory often, and with pitty
As often thought upon't, and that the father.

Of

Of my beſt lov'd *Theophilus*, together with
His, then, friend Maſter *Meanwell* (who have ſince
Become each others deathſman as tis thought)
By ſuits in Law wrought the ſad overthrow
Of thy poor Fathers fortune; by which means,
Poor Gentleman he was enforc'd to leave
His native Country to ſeek forrain meanes
To maintain life.

Phi. Or rather to meet death.
For ſince his traval, which is now ſix years,
I never heard of him.

Mil. Much pittiful!

Phi. So is your ſtory, Miſtreſs unto me.
But let us dry our eyes; and know we muſt not
Stick in the mire of pitty; but with labour
Work our delivery: yours is now at hand
If you ſet will and brain to't. But my honor
(If a poor wench may ſpeak ſo) is ſo crack'd
Within the ring, as 'twill be hardly ſolder'd
By any art. If on that wicked fellow,
That ſtruck me into ſuch a deſperate hazard.

Mil. He will be here to night, and all the crew
And this muſt be the night of my delivery,
I am prevented elſe for ever, wench.

Phi. Be ſure, among the gueſts, that you make choiſe
Of the moſt civil one to be your convoy,
And then let me alone to act your *Mores* part.

Mil. Peace, he comes. *Enter Quic.*

Phi. Ile to my ſhift then. *Exit. Phi.*

Quic. Wher's my hidden beauty?
That ſhall this night be glorious.

Mil. I but wait the good hour
For my deliverance out of this obſcurity.

Quic. Tis at hand.
So are my gueſts. See ſome of 'em are enter'd. *Enter Nat.*
O my blith friend, Maſter *Nathaniel*, welcome. *Arthur.*

And

And Maſter *Arthur Meanwell* as I take it.

Nat. Yes, Sir, a Gentleman late poſſes'd with ſadneſs,
Whom I had much a do to draw along
To be partaker more of your mirth then chear,
You ſay here ſhall be mirth. How now, what's that?
Ha'you a black coney-berry in your houſe?

Quic. Stay *Catelina.* Nay, ſhe may be ſeen.
For know, Sirs, I am mortified to beauty
Since my wives death. I will not keep a face
Better then this under my roof I ha'ſworn.

Ar. You were too raſh, Sir, in that oath, if I
May be allowed to ſpeak.

Quic. Tis done and paſt, Sir.

Nat. If I be not taken with yon'd funeral face, (now.
And her two eyes the ſcutcheons, would I were whipt

Art. Suppoſe your friends ſhould wiſh you to a match
Proſperous in wealth and honour.

Quic. Ile hear of none, nor you if you ſpeak ſo,

Art. Sir, I ha'done.

Nat. It is the handſom'ſt Rogue
I have ere ſeen yet of a deed of darkneſs;
Tawney and ruſſet faces I have dealt with,
But never came ſo deep in blackneſs yet.

Quic. Come hither *Catelyna.* You ſhall ſee, Sir,
What a brave wench ſhe ſhall be made anon
And when ſhe dances how you ſhall admire her.

Art. Will you have dancing here to night.

Quic. Yes I have borrowed other *Moors* of Merchants
That trade in *Barbary*, whence I had mine own here,
And you ſhall ſee their way and skill in dancing.

Nat. He keeps this Rie-loaf for his own white white
With confidence none will cheat him of a bit; (tooth
Ile have a ſliver though I looſe my whittle. (ments

Quic. Here take this key, twill lead thee to thoſe orna-
That deck'd thy miſtreſs lately. Uſe her casket,
And with the ſparklingſt of her jewels ſhine;
Flame like a midnight beacon with that face, Or

Or a pitch'd ſhip a fire; the ſtreamers glowing
And the keel mourning, (how I ſhall rejoyce
At theſe prepoſtrous ſplendours) get thee glorious;
Be like a running fire-work in my houſe.
Nat. He ſets me more a fire at her. Well old ſtick breech
If I do chance to clap your *Barbary* buttock
In all her bravery, and get a ſnatch
In an odd corner, or the dark to night
To mend your chear, and you hereafter hear on't,
Say there are as good ſtomacks as your own,
Hiſt, *Negro*, hiſt.
Mil. No ſee, O no, I darea notta.
Nat. Why, why -- piſh -- pox I love thee,
Mil. O no de fine white Zentilmanna
Cannot a love a the black a thing a.
Nat. Cadzooks the beſt of all wench.
Mill. O take -- a heed -- a my maſtra ſee -- a.
Nat. When we are alone, then wilt thou.
Mil. Then I ſhall ſpeak a more a.
Nat. And Ile not loſe the Moor-a for more then I
Will ſpeak-a.
Quic I muſe the reſt of my invited Gallants
Come not away.
Nat. Zooks the old angry juſtice. *Enter Teſty.*
Teſ. How comes it Sir, to paſs, that ſuch a newes
Is ſpread about the town? is my Neece dead,
And you prepar'd to mirth Sir, hah?
Is this the entertainment I muſt find
To welcome me to town?
Quic. She is not dead, Sir. But take you no notice
You ſhall have inſtantly an entertainment, that
Shall fill you all with wonder. *Exit.*
Teſ. Sure he is mad;
Or do you underſtand his meaning ſirs?
Or how or where his wife died?
Nat. I know nothing;

Has give me leave to fear, by his wild humor,
He's guilty of her death; therefore I hope
He'll hang himself anon before us all
To raise the mirth he speaks of.

Art. Fie upon you.

Concern me, sir, there have been large constructions,
And strong presumptions, that the ill made match
Betwixt her youthful beauty and his covetous age;
Between her sweetness and his frowardness
Was the unhappy means of her destruction;
And you that gave strength to that ill tied knot
Do suffer sharply in the worlds opinion,
While she, sweet virgin, has its general pity.

Tes. Pray what have you been to her? I nere found you
Appear a suiter to her.

Art. I nere saw her,
Nor ever should have sought her, Sir; For she
Was onely love to my sworne enemy,
On whom yet (were she living and in my gift
Rather a thousand times I would bestow her
Then on that man that had, and could not know her.

Tes. I have done ill; and wish I could redeem
This act with half my estate.

Nat. This Devels bird,
This *Moor* runs more and more still in my mind. *Enter*
O are you come? And ha'you brought your scene *Vin.&*
Of Mirth along with you? *Edm.*

Vin. Yes, and our actors
Are here at hand: But we perceive much business
First to be set a foot. Here's Revels towards.

Ed. A daunce of furies or of Blackamores
Is practising within;

Vin. But first there is to be some odd collation
In stead of supper.

Nat. Cheap enough I warrant,
But saw you not a Moor-hen there amongst'em.

Ed. A pretty little Rogue, most richly deck'd With

With pearls, chains and jewels. She is queen
Of the Nights triumph.
Nat. If you chance to ſpy me
Take her aſide, ſay nothing.
Ed. Thou wilt filch
Some of her jewels perhaps.
Nat. Ile draw a lot *Enter Quicksands.*
For the beſt jewel ſhe wears. But mum my Maſters.
Quic. Enter the houſe pray Gentlemen: I am ready
Now with your entertainment. *Exit.*
Teſ. Wee'l follow you.
Nat. Now for ſix penny cuſtards, a pipkin of bak'd
Pears, three ſawcers of ſtew'd prunes, a groats worth
Of ſtrong ale, and two peniworth of Gingerbread. *Ext.3.*
Teſ. If ſhe does live (as he bears me in hand
She is not dead) Ile tell you briefly, Sir,
If all the law bodily and ghoſtly,
And all the conſcience too, that I can purchaſe
With all the wealth I have can take her from him,
I will recover her, and then beſtow her
(If you refuſe her) on your ſo you ſpeak of,
(whoſe right ſhe is indeed) rather then he
Shall hold her longer. Now mine eyes are open'd.
Will you walk in.
Ar. I pray excuſe me, Sir, Exit, Enter *Mili.* white-fac'd & in her own habit.
I cannot fit my ſelf to mirth.
Teſ. Your pleaſure.
Mil. Have I with patience waited for this hour,
And does fear check me now? I'le break through all,
And truſt my ſelf with yon'd milde Gentleman.
He cannot but be noble.
Art. A goodly creature!
The Rooms illumin'd with her; yet her look
Sad, and cheek pale, as if a ſorrow ſuck'd it.
How came ſhe in? What is ſhe? I am fear-ſtruck.
Tis ſome unreſting ſhaddow. Or, if not,

What makes a thing ſo glorious in this houſe,
The maſter being an enemy to beauty?
She modeſtly makes to me.
Mil. Noble Sir, --
Art. Speaks too.
Mil. If ever you durſt own a goodneſs,
Now crown it by an act of honour and mercy.
Art. Speak quickly; loſe no time then: ſay, what are you?
You look like one that ſhould not be delai'd.
Mil. I am th'unfortunate woman of this houſe,
To all mens thoughts at reſt. This is the face
On which the Hell of jealouſie abus'd
The hand of Heaven, to fright the world withall.
Ar. Were you the ſeeming Moor was here?
Mil. The ſame;
And onely to your ſecreſie and pitty
I have ventur'd to appear my ſelf again.
Ar. What 's to be done? Pray ſpeak, and tis perform'd.
Mil. In truſt and Manhood Sir, I would commit
A great charge to you, even my life and honor
To free me from this den of miſery.
Art. A bleſſed taſque! But when you are freed Lady--
Mil. I would deſire Sir, then to be convei'd. --
Ar. Whither? to whom? ſpeak quickly: why do you ſtoop?
Mil. Pray let that reſt. I will relieve your trouble
When I am freed from hence, and uſe ſome others.
Art. Nay, that were cruelty. As you love goodneſs tell me.
Mil. Why dare you bear me Sir, to one you hate. (on.
Art. What's that, if you love? Tis your peace I wait
I look upon your ſervice, not mine own.
Were he the mortall'ſt enemy fleſh bred up
To you I muſt be noble.
Mil. You profeſs---
Ar. By all that's good and gracious, I will die
Ere I forſake you, and not ſet you ſafe
Within thoſe walls you ſeek.

Mil.

Mil. Then, as we paſs
Ile tell you where they ſtand, Sir.
Ar. You ſhall grace me. *Exit.*

Act 4. Scene 5.

Quick ſands. Teſly. Nath. Vincent. Edmond.

Qui. Now to our Revels. Sit ye, ſit ye gallants
Whilſt, Uncle, you ſhall ſee how I'le requite
The maſque they lent me on my wedding night.
Twas but lent Gentlemen, your maſque of horns,
And all the private jears and publick ſcorns
Y'have caſt upon me ſince. Now you ſhall ſee
How Ile return them; and remarried be.
Vin I hope he'l marry his Moor to anger us.
Nat. Ile give her ſomething with her, if I catch her,
And't be but in the cole-houſe.
Floriſh enter Inductor like a Moor leading Phillis black and gorgeouſly deck't with jewels.
Teſ. Attend Gentleman.
Ind. The Queen of *Ethiop* dreampt upon a night
Her black womb ſhould bring forth a virgin white.
Ed. Black womb!
Ind. She told her king; he told thereof his Peeres.
Till this white dream fil'd their black heads with fears.
Nat. A whorſon blockheads.
Ind. Blackheads I ſai'd. Ile come to you anon
Teſ. He puts the blockheads on'nem groſly.
Quic. Brave impudent rogue. He made the ſpeeches laſt year
Before my Lord Marqueſs of *Fleet* Conduit.
Ind. Till this white dream fil'd their blackheads with fear,
For tis no better then a Prodegy
To have white children in a black countrey.
So 'twas decreed that if the child prov'd white,
It ſhould be made away. O cruel ſpight!
The Queen cry'd out, and was delivered

Of child black as you ſee: Yet Wizards ſed
That if this damſel liv'd married to be
To a white man, ſhe ſhould be white as he.
Vin. The moral is, If *Quicksands* marry her,
Her face ſhall be white as his conſcience.
Ind. The careful Queen, concluſion for to try,
Sent her to merry *England* charily
(The faireſt Nation man yet ever ſaw)
To take a husband; ſuch as I ſhall draw,
Being an *Ægyptian* Prophet.
Ed. Draw me, and ile hang thee.
Ind. Now I come to you, Gentlemen. *He looks in* Ed-
Qui. Now mark my Jeeres. monds *hand.*
Ind. You muſt not have her: For I find by your hand
You have forfeited the mortgage of your land.
Ed. Pox o'your Palmiſtrie.
Ven. Now me.
Ind. Nor you: For here I plainly ſee *In* Vin. *his*
You have ſold and ſpent your lites Annuity. *hand.*
Vin. The devil take him, made thee a ſoothſayer.
Nat. I find from whence your skill comes. Yet take me
For thy little Princeſs of darkneſſe, and if
I rub her not as white as another can
Let me be hung up with her for a new
Sign of the labour in vain.
Ind. Nor you, ſir: For *In* Nats *hand.*
The onely ſute you wear ſmels of the cheſt
That holds in Limbo Lavender all your reſt. (key on't.
Nat. Would his brains were in thy belly that keeps the
Ind This is the worthy man, whoſe wealth and wit,
To make a white one, muſt the black mark hit. *In Quic. hand*
Qui. Your jeers are anſwer'd, gallants. Now your dance.

Enter

Enter the reſt of the Moors. They Dance an Antique in which they uſe action of Mockery and deriſion to the three Gentlemen.

Nat. We applaud your deviſe, and you'l give me leave
To take your black bride here, forth in a daunce.
Quic. With all my heart, ſir.
Nat. Muſick, play a Galliard,
You know what you promiſed me, *Bullis.*
Phi. But howa can ita be donea.
Nat. How I am taken with the elevation of her noſtrils.
Nat. Play a little quicker---Heark you---if I lead you
A dance to a couch or a bed ſide, will you follow me?
Phi. I will doa my beſta. *Nat. daunces vily. Quicks.*
Nat. So, ſo; quick Muſick, quick.
Qui. O ougly! call you this dauncing; ha, ha, ha. *& Teſ. laughs & looks off.*
Nat. Do you laugh at me.
Arn. By your leave Gentlefolks.
Buz. O brave, o brave.
Quic. How now.
Teſ. What are theſe?
Buz. Hack ye there, hack ye there,
O brave pipes. Hack ye there.
Hay toodle loodle loodle loo.
Qui. What are you men or devils?
Enter Arnold *like a Countrey man, and* Buz. *like a changling, and as they enter, exit* Nat. *with* Phil. *the Muſick ſtill playing. He ſings and dances and ſpins with a Rock & ſpindle.*
Arn. You are advis'd enough: Sir, if (you pleaſe
But to be ſhort, I'le ſhew you I am a *Norfolk* man,
And my name is *John Hulverhead.*
Quic. Hold thy peace. *Softly.*
Arn. You cannot hear o'that ſide it ſeems.
Qui. I know thee not, not I.
Arn. But you know my brother *Matthew Hulverhead*

Deceas'd, with whom you plac'd this ſimple child of yours

Qui. I plac't no childe in *Norfolk*, nor *Suffolk* nor any

Folk I---ſay thou miſtookſt me: Ile reward thee. Go.

Arn. I cannot hear o'that ear neither, ſir.

Vin. What's the matter, Mr. *Quicksands?* (theſe?

Ed. Ha'you any more jeeres to put upon us? what are

Buz. Hay toodle loodle loodle loo.

Qui. Get you out of my houſe.

Arn. I may not till I be righted. I come for right, and

I will have right, or the beſt of the Citie ſhall

Hear on't.

Vin. I ſwear the Raſcals act it handſomly.

Teſ. What art thou fellow? What doſt thou ſeek?

Vin. Tell that Gentleman: He is an upright Majeſtrate

And will ſee thee righted.

Arn. I am a poor *Norfolk* man, ſir. And I come to eaſe

my ſelf of a charge, by putting off a childe nat'ral to

the natu'al father here.

Quic. My child! Am I his father? Darſt thou ſpeak it.

Arn. Be not aſham'd on't, ſir: You are not the firſt

grave and wiſe Citizen that has got an ideot.

Teſ. Here's good ſtuff towards.

Buz. Ha, ha, ha---with a Hay toodle loodle loodle loo.

Qui. How ſhould I get him. I was never married till

(this moneth.

Arn. How does other bawdy Batchelors get children?

Buz. With a hay toodle loodle loodle loo, &c.

Teſ. Have you been a baſtard-getter and marry my Neece.

Vin. Now it works.

Teſ. Ile teach you to get a baſtard, ſirrah.

Arn. He needs none o'your skill it ſeems.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Qui. Well, Gentlemen, to take your wonder off,

I will lay truth before you.

For a poor ſervant that I had, I undertook and paid

For keeping of an ideot.

Ed.

Ed. Who, your man *Buzzard*?

Qui. Even he.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Qui. 'Tis like this is the child. But for a certain ſum
Which I did pay, 'twas articled, that I ſhould nere be
Troubled with it more.

Teſ. Now what ſay you to that Sir?

Arn. 'Tis not denyed Sir, There was ſuch agreement,
But now he is another kind of charge.

Vin. Why, he gets ſomething towards his *Buzzard* (living me thinks. *ſpinns.*

Ar. Yes, he has learn'd to thrip among the Mothers;
But Sir, withal, to do more harm then good by't,
And that's the charge I ſpeak of: we are not bound
To keep your child, and your childes children too.

Teſ. How's that?

Arn. Sir, by his cunning at the Rock,
And twirling of his ſpindle on the Thrip-skins,
He has fetch'd up the bellies of ſixteen
Of his Thrip-ſiſters.

Buz. Hay toodle, loodle, loodle, &c.

Teſ. Is't poſſible.

Arn. So well he takes after his father here it ſeems.

Ed. Take heed o'that friend: you heard him ſay it (was his mans child.

Arn. He ſha'not fright me with that, though it be
A great mans part to turn over his baſtards
To his ſervants. I am none of his hirelings, nor
His Tenants I. But I know what I ſay; and I know
What I come about; and not without adviſe; And you
May know, that *Norfolk* is not without as knaviſh
Councel, as another County may be. Let his man *Buz.*
Be brought forth, and ſee what he will ſay to't.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Qui. Wretch that I was to put away that fellow!

But

But ſtay! where is my wife? my wife, my wife---.

Vin. What ſay you, Sir?

Qui. My Moor I would ſay. Which way went my Moor

Vin. Your *Ethiopian* Princeſs. *Nat.* is gone to dance with her in private, becauſe you laught him out of countenance here.

Qui. Miſchief on miſchief! worſe and worſe I fear.

Teſ. What do you fear, why ſtare you? Are you frantick?

Qui. I muſt have wits and fits, my fancies and ſegaries.

Ed. Your jeers upon poor Gallants.

Vin. How do you feel your ſelf.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Arn. Ask your father bleſſing *Timſy*.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Arn. Upon your knees man.

Buz. Upon all my knees. A-----ah. Hay toodle loodle.

Nat. What was't to you, you ſlaves? Muſt you be peeping.

Enter *Nat.* & *Phillis* pul'd in by the Moors.

Teſ. What's the matter now?

Nat. What was't to you, ye Raſcals?

Moor. It is to us Sir, We were hir'd to dance and to ſpeak ſpeeches; and to do the Gentleman true ſervice in his houſe: And we will not ſee his houſe made a baudy houſe, and make no ſpeech o'that.

Teſ. What is the buſineſs?

Moor. Marry Sir a naughty buſineſs. This Gentleman has committed a deed of darkneſs with your Moor, Sir; We all ſaw it.

Teſ. What deed of darkneſs? ſpeak it plainly.

Moor. Darkneſs or lightneſs; call it which you will. They have lyen together; made this ſame a baudy houſe; How will you have it?

Qui. Undone, moſt wretched. O, I am confounded. I ſee no art can keep a woman honeſt.

Nat. I love her, and will juſtifie my Act.

Phi.

Phi. And I the beſt of any man on earth.
Nat. Thou ſpeakeſt good Engliſh now.
Qui. O Ruine, ruine, ruine-----
Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.
Vin. Why take you on ſo, for an ougly feind?
Qui. She is my wife, Gentlemen.
All. How Sir, your wife.
Ed. In conceit you mean.
Qui. I ſay my lawful wife; your Neece; and ſo diſ-
By me on purpoſe. (guis'd
Teſ. I ſaid he was mad before, ha, ha, ha.
Nat. Now I applaud my act, 'twas ſweet and brave.
Qui. I'le be divorc'd before a Court in publique.
Teſ. Now will I uſe Authority and skill.
Friends, guard the doors. None ſhall depart the houſe.
Nat. Mun. Vin. Content, content.
Arn. Shall I, Sir, and my charge ſtay too?
Qui. Oh----
Teſ. Marry Sir, ſhall you.
Buz. I fear we ſhall be ſmoak'd then.
Arn. No, no, fear nothing. (Maſter
Teſ. You know your Chamber huſwife. I'le wait o'your
To night. We will not part until to morrow day,
Juſtice and Law lights every one his way.
Vin. Is this your merry night, Sir?
Qui. Oh---- oh---- oh---- o----
Ed. Why roar you ſo? (the City.
Nat. It is the Cuckolds howle. A common cry about
Qui. Oh o----- *Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.
Exeunt omnes.

Act. 5. Scene. 1.

Meanwell. Raſhly. Winloſſe. Hoſt.

Mea. Now my good Hoſt, ſince you have been our friend
And

And onely councel keeper in our abſence,
To you, before we viſit our own houſes
We'le render a relation of our journey,
And what the motive was that drew us forth.
'Tis true, we did pretend a deadly quarrel
At a great bowling match upon *Black-heath*;
Went off; took horſe; and ſeveral wayes, forecaſt
To meet at *Dover*, where we met good friends,
And in one Barque paſt over into *France:*
Here 'twas ſuppos'd to fight, like faſhion followers
That thither flie, as if no ſand but theirs
Could dry up Engliſh blood.

Hoſt. Now, by the way,
Suppoſe that ſuppoſition had been true,
And the ſuppoſed deaths of you, and you
Had mov'd your ſons to combate in earneſt,
And both been kil'd indeed, as you in jeſt,
Where had been then your witty ſubtilty,
My noble *Meanwell*, and my brave *Raſhly*?
Ha! have I twight ye there?

Raſh. Thou keepſt thy humor ſtill my running *Hoſt.*

Hoſt. My humor was, nor is, nor muſt be loſt:
But, to the queſtion, was it wiſely done,
When each of you might ſo have loſt a ſon?

Raſh. We had no fear of that Sir, by the Rule,
The common Rule o'th'world. Where do you find
Sons that have lives and Lands, will venture both
For their dead Fathers that are gone and car'd for?
Nor was it onely to make tryal of
What husbands they would be; how ſpend, or ſave;
How mannage, or deſtroy; how one or both
Might play the Tyrants over their poor Tenants,
Yet fall by Prodigality into th'Compters:
And then the dead by pulling off a Beard,
After a little chiding and ſome whyning,

To ſet the living on their legs again,
And take 'em into favour; piſh, old play-plots.
No Sir, our buſineſs runs another courſe;
Know you this Gentleman yet?
Hoſt. Nor yet, nor yet;
Beſt wits may have bad memories: I forget.
Win. It is my part to ſpeak. Mine *Hoſt*, y'have known me,
My name is *Winloſs*; a poor Gentleman,
Yet richer, by my liberty, then I was
For ſix years ſpace, till theſe good Gentlemen
In charity redeem'd me.
Hoſt. Maſter *Winloſs*!
I thought I could as ſoon forgot my Chriſs-Croſs,
Yet (pardon me) you have been ſix years gone,
And all of them in priſon ſaving one,
In *Dunkerk* as I weene.
Win. It is moſt true;
And that from thence theſe Gentlemen redeem'd me
At their own charge, by paying five hundred pound,
Which was my Ranſom.
Hoſt. 'Tis a rare example.
Win. Worthy braſs tables, and a pen of ſteel.
Mea. No more good neighbour *Winloſs*. What we did
Was to diſcharge our conſcience of a burden
Got (and 'twas all we got) by your undoing,
In a ſad ſuit at Law.
Hoſt. I do remember;
And, without ruine I'le tell you, That ſad cauſe,
In which you join'd againſt him, overthrew him
And all his Family: But this worthy act
Of yours in his enlargement, crowns your piety,
And puts him in a way of better Fortune,
Then his firſt tottering eſtate could promiſe.
Raſh. Shut up that point. You have heard no ill, you ſay,
Among our ſons and daughters in our abſence.
Hoſt. Not any Sir at all. But, Mr. *Winloſs*,

You

You that have past so many sorrows, can
(I make no doubt) here one with manly patience.
Win. Tis of my daughter *Phillis*! Is she dead?
Host. Tis well and't be no worse with her: I fear
She's gone the tother way of all flesh, do you hear?
Rash. Why dost thou tell him this?
Host. To have him right
His daughters wrong upon that wicked beast
That has seduc'd her.
Rash. Who is't? canst thou tell?
Host. Even the Ranck-rider of the town, Sir, one
Master *Nathaniel Banelasse*, if you know him.
Mea. He has my sons acquaintance.
Rash. And mine's too.
Host. You may be proud on't, if they scape his doctrine.
Win. But does he keep my daughter to his lust?
Host. No, Sir, tis worse then so. He has cast her off
To the common, as tis fear'd.
Win. O wretchedness!
Rash. How cam'st thou by this knowledge.
Host. Sir, Ile tell you.
I have, i'th'house, a guest, was once your man,
And serv'd your son, since you went ore I'm sure on't,
Though now he has got a young spark to his Master,
That has a brace of gueldings in my stable;
And lusty ones they are. That's by the way.
Rash. But to the point, I pray thee.
Host. Sir, the young gallant is abroad, the man
Scults clos i'th'house here, and has done these two dayes
Spending his time with me in drink and talk.
Most of his talk runs upon wenches mainly;
And who loves who, and who keeps home, and so forth;
And he told me the tale that I tell you
Twixt *Banelasse* and your done and undone daughter.
Ra. Mine host --- cry mercy Gentlemen -- *Enter Rafe.*
Mea. Nay, nay, come on.

Host.

Hoſt. I told you he was very ſhy to be ſeen:
Ra. My old maſter alive again? and he that he kil'd too?
Mea. Whom do you ſerve? was I ſo ill a maſter,
That, in my abſence, you forſook my children?
Or how have they miſus'd you? Why doſt look
So like an apprehended thief? I fear
Thou ſerv'ſt ſome robber, or ſome murderer,
Or art become thy ſelf one. If the Devil
Have ſo poſſeſs'd thee, ſtrive to turn him out:
Ile add my prayers to help thee. Whats the matter?
Ra. O honor'd maſter! Ile keep nothing from you.
There is an act of horror now on foot,
Upon revenge of your ſuppoſed murder,
Of which to ſtand and tell the circumſtance,
Would waſt the time and hinder the prevention
Of your ſons murder, and your daughters ruin.
All. O fearful!
Ra. Let not your amazement drown
Your reaſon in delay; your ſudden haſt
Was never ſo requir'd as now. Stay not
To ask my why, or whither. As ye go
I ſhall inform ye.
Raſh. Go, we follow thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act. 5. Scene 2.

Dionyſia as before in mans habit, ſword and piſtol.

What a fierce conflict twixt revenge and love,
Like an unnatural civil war, now rages
In my perplexed breaſt. There, fight it out;
To it Pel-mel my thoughts. The battel's hot.
Now for the day! revenge begins to ſtagger,
And her deſtracted Army at an inſtant
Routed and put to flight. All conquering love,
Thou haſt got the victory; and now I ſue

Like

(Like a rent kingdom by ſelf-oppoſite thoughts)
Unto thy ſoveraignty, to be the liege-right.
Take me to thy protection, kingly love,
And having captivated my revenge,
O, play not now the Tyrant. A firm hope
Perſwades me no: But when I ſhall
Reveal my ſelf I ſhall obtain *Theophilus* love.
Which now is ten times ſweeter in my thought
Then my revenge was, when 'twas firſt begot. *Ent. The, & Lucy.*
The. What, ſtill alone? we have been ſeeking thee.
Dio. O 'tis the ſervice that I owe you Sir.
Lu. Indeed you are too penſive: two whole dayes
And nights among us, and no more familiar? *Ent. Ar. in his falſe beard, leading in Mil. veil'd. Pages they ſtand aloofe.*
Pa. May I crave your name, Sir?
Ar. That's to little purpoſe,
My buſineſs is the thing---yonder's the ſtar!
What young Gentleman is that your Miſtris
Appears ſo courteous too? (arm
Pa. One ſhe thinks well on Sir,
No matter for his name, as you ſaid, neither.
Ar. He ſeems ſome well grac'd ſuitor. 'Tis my fear,
If he ſhould now ---I muſt be juſt however.
Pa. Sir, a Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you.
The. Doſt thou not know his name?
Pa. He will not tell it Sir. (not whom?
The. You treacherous boy, do you bring you know
O 'tis the Gentleman I was ſo bound to, Siſter:
The welcom'ſt man alive; Thanks my good boy.
What's ſhe he brings in veil'd, and this way leads?
Ar. Sir, though I am ſtill a ſtranger in my viſit,
To works of gentleneſs, I am partly known.
There (if you chance t'enquire of me hereafter
(When I ſhall more deſerve your inquiſition)
I may be found, if not exact in ſervice,
At leaſt a poor pretender in my wiſhes:
And ſo preſenting this white gift, (more modeſt

Then

Then the moſt ſecret duty of mans friendſhip
Can ever be) I take my leave---
The. This man
Would breed, at every time he's ſeen, a wonder!
Sir, leave me not thus loſt: let me once know you,
And what this myſtery means? This bears a ſhape
I may not entertain: I have ſet my vow
Againſt all woman kinde, ſince Heaven was married
To my firſt love; and muſt not willingly
Diſcover a temptation with mine own hand.
Ar. How ſhie and nice we are to meet our happineſſe!
Like dying wretches, 'raid to go to reſt.
Becauſe you ſhall be guilty of no breach
I'le ope the Casket for you. *He unveils her, & ſlips away.*
The. Bleſſe me, it is---
Warm, ſo Love cheriſh me and comfortable.
Dio. O death, my hopes are blaſted.
Lu. How is it with you, ſir.
The. Might a man credit his own ſences now
This were my *Millicent*. How think you, ſiſter?
Mil. Indeed I am ſo, my *Theophilus*.
Dio. She lives, and he is loſt to me for ever,
I ſhall be ſtraight diſcover'd too. Falſe Love
Thou haſt dealt looſely with me; And Revenge
I re-invoke thy nobler ſpirit: Now
Poſſeſſe me wholly; let it not be thought
I came and went off idly.
Lu. Sir, ſomething troubles you. See your kinſwoman
My brother ſtands intranc'd too; Brother, brother---
Noble Lady, ſpeak to him.
Mil. I was in my diſcovery too ſudden.
Strong rapture of his joy tranſmutes him---Sir,
Be not ſo wonder-ſtruck; or, if you be,
Let me conjure you by the love you bore me,
R turn unto your ſelf again. Let not
A wandring thought fly from you, to examine

From whence, or how I came: If I be welcome
I am your own and *Millicent*.

The. And in that
So bleſt a treaſure, that the wealth and ſtrength
Of all the world ſhall never purchace from me.
Heaven may be pleas'd again to take thee, but
Ile hold ſo faſt, that wee'll go hand in hand;
Beſides, I hope his mercy will not part us.
But where's the man now more deſir'd then ever
That brought you hither?

Mil. You ask in vain for him.
I can reſolve you all; but for the preſent
He will be known to none.

The. This is a cruel goodneſs: To put thankfulneſs
Out of all action. Sirah, how went he?

Pa. I know not, Sir, he vaniſh'd ſodainly.

The. Vaniſh'd! good *Lucy* help to hold her faſt
She may not vaniſh too. Spirits are ſubtle.

Mil. This was my fear. Will you have patience,
And ſit but in this chair while I relate my ſtory.

The. Ile be as calm in my extreameſt deeps
As is the couch where a ſweet conſcience ſleeps.

Dio. Tis now determinate as fate; and ſo
At the whole cluſter of 'em. Bleſs me ha! *As* Dioniſia
My father living! Then the cauſe is dead *preſents her*
Of my revenge. *piſtol.* Enter
Raſh. What is he kill'd out right. *Raſh.* Mean
Or els but hurt? *Theophilus*! my boy! *Win.* Raſh
Dead, paſt recovery. Stay the murdreſs there. *Arthur.*
Look you, Sir, to her. I ſuſpect your ſon too
Is not without a hand in't by the haſt
We met him in.

Lu. He is not hurt at all
My honour'd father, as I deſire your bleſſing,
But ſtricken with an extaſie of joy.

Raſh.

Raſh. Look up my boy. How doſt? here's none but friends.

The. Sure, ſure w'are all then in *Eliſium*
Where all are friends and fill'd with equal joy.
Earth can have no felicity like this.
If this be any thing.

Raſh. Thou canſt not ſee nothing,
Look well about thee man.

The. I ſee, I feel, I hear and know ye all:
But who knowes what he knowes, ſees, feels, or hears?
Tis not an age for man to know himſelf in.

Raſh. He is not mad I know by that.

The. If I know any thing, you are my father.

Raſh. Thou art a wiſe child.

The. And I beſeech your bleſſing.

Raſh. Thou haſt it. *Millicent*, I have heard your ſtory,
And *Lucy*, you betwixt you ſooth his fancy,
He will be well anon. Keep 'em company *Arthur*,
And *Lucy*, bid him welcome.

Lu. More then life, Sir.

Raſh. You *Dionyſia* would be chid a little;
But, Sir, let me intreat her pardon.

Mea. Dry your eyes: you have it.
Go inſtantly reſume your ſexes habit,
And with the reſt be ready, if we call ye
To *Quickſands* houſe. The rumour of our coming
Already calls us thither to be aſſiſtant
To juſtice *Teſty* in a pondrous difference.

Raſh. How does he now?

Ar. He's fallen into a ſlumber.

Raſh. In with him all I pray.

Ar. &c. He ſhall have all our cares. *Exit with* The.

Raſh. Come my friend *Meanwell*. Now to *in the chair.*
(*Quick-ſands* cauſe,
To keep it out of wrangling lawyers jawes.
The face of danger is almoſt made clean
And may conclude all in a comick ſcene. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scene 3.

Vincent. Edmond. Teſty. Raſhly. Meanwel.

Vin. Come, we will hear this cauſe try'd.
Ed. See the Judges
Have tane their ſeats, while we ſtand here for evidence.
Teſ. My worthy friends, y'are come unto a cauſe
As rare, as was your unexpected coming
From the ſuppoſed grave----
Raſh. To th'point I pray.
Teſ. How quick you are! Good Mr. *Raſhly*, know
(Though I crav'd your aſſiſtance) onely I
Supply the chief place in Authority.
Raſh. And much good do't you. I have other buſineſs.
Your Neece Sir was too good for my poor ſon.
Teſ. How's that?
Mea. Nay Gentlemen, we came to end
A buſineſs: Pray begin no new one firſt.
Raſh. Well Sir, I ha'done.
Mea. Pray Sir fall to the queſtion.
Teſt. Bring in the parties. Ent. *Quic. Nat. Phil.*
The firſt branch of the queſtion riſes here
If *Quicksands* wife, my Neece, be dead or living
Speak Gentlemen. What can you ſay to this?
Vin. *Quicksands* affirm'd to us, that ſhe was dead.
Edm. Though, ſince in a deſtracted paſſion
He ſayes ſhe lives.
Qui. She lives, and is that ſtrumpet,
From whom I ſue to be divorc'd.
Mea. That Moor, there?
Did you wed her ſince your fair wives deceaſe?
Qui. That ſame is ſhe, and all the wives I had

That

That black is but an artificial tincture
Laid by my jealouſie upon her face.
Raſh. This is moſt ſtrange.
Nat. Braver and braver ſtill,
I aim'd but at a cloud and claſp'd a *Juno*,
Will you be onely mine?
Phi. I have ſworn it ever.
Nat. Then I am made for ever.
Teſt. Remove her, and let inſtant tryal be made
To take the blackneſs off.
Qui. Then if her ſhame,
And my firm truth appear not, puniſh me.
Teſ. However, your conſent to be divorc'd
From *Millicent* is irrecoverable.
Qui. Before you all, Ile forfeit my eſtate
If ere I re-accept her.
Raſh. Then ſhe's free.
Teſ. Now Mr. *Banelaſs*....
Nat. Now for the honour of Wenchers.
Teſ. Your fact is manifeſted and confeſt.
Nat. In feweſt words it is.
Teſ. Are you content
To take this woman now in queſtion,
If ſhe be found no Moor to be your Wife,
In holy marriage to reſtore her honour?
Nat. Or elſe, before you all, let me be torn
To pieces; having firſt thoſe deareſt members,
In which I have moſt delighted, daub'd with honey.
Teſ. This proteſtation
Is clear, without reſpect of portion, now,
Or that ſhe is my Neece: For you muſt know
She is no Neece of mine that could tranſgreſs
In that leane kind: Nor muſt ſhe ever look
For favour at my hands.
Nat. I am content, to take her as ſhe is,
Not as your Neece, but as his counterfeit ſervant,

Hoping he'le give me with her all about her.
Qui. My chains, and Jewels, worth a thouſand pounds,
I'le pay it for my folly.
Nat. 'Twil be twice
The price of my pawn'd goods. I'le put the reſt
Up for your jeers paſt on my friends and me.
Mea. You are agreed.
Nat. To take her with all faults. *Enter* Phi-
Phi. I take you at your word. lis *white.*
Qui. Hah-----
Nat. Hell and her changes.
Phi. Lead by the hope of juſtice, I am bold
To fix here faſt, here to repair my ruins.
Nat. The devil looks ten times worſe with a white face,
Give me it black again.
Phi. Are we not one, you know from the beginning?
Nat. Get thee from me.
Teſ. Sirrah you have your ſuit and your deſert,
'Tis your beſt part to paſs it patiently.
Raſh. 'Tis *Winloſs* daughter; we have found the error.
Qui. I am confounded here. Where is my Wife?
Teſ. I, that's the point muſt now be urg'd. The Law
Asks her at your hands. Anſwer me, where is ſhe?
Qui. I am at my joys end, and my wits together.
Mea. You have brought her fame in queſtion: Tis re-
Now you are in both for her life and honour. (veng'd
Teſ. Speak villain, Murderer, where is my Neece?
Qui. I have ſnar'd my ſelf exceeding cunningly;
That quean there knows.
Nat. Take heed, Sir, what you ſay,
If ſhe muſt be my wife. Hands off I pray,
Theſe are my goods ſhe wears. Give me 'em, *Phil.*
For fear he ſnatch, Ile put 'em in my pockets.
Phi. Sweet heart, my own will hold 'em.
Nat. Sweet heart already! we are ſoon familiar.
Phi. You know we are no ſtrangers.

Raſh.

Raſh. Well Mr. *Quickſands*: becauſe you cannot anſwer
(To put you by the fear of halter-ſtretching)
Since y'have ingag'd your word and whole eſtate
To be divorc'd: And you good Mr. *Teſty*,
If you'l be willing yet that my poor ſon
To wed your Neece, as I ſhall find it lawful,
Ile undertake her ſafe recovery.
Teſ. I have in heart given her your ſon already.
Raſh. And he has her already. Ent. *The. Mil.*
As for example, ſee Sir. *Ar. Lu. Dio.*
Qui. See, ſee, the heaven that I am juſtly *Winloſs.*
O may I yet find favour. (fallen from,
Mil. Never here.
Hadſt thou not given thy faith to a divorce,
On forfeiture of thine eſtate, which thou
Doſt hold more precious; or couldſt now redeem
That great ingagement; and then multiply
Thy paſt eſtate into a tenfold ſum.
Make me inheritrix of all; and laſt aſſure me
To die within a week, Ile not re-marry thee:
Adulterate beaſt, that brok'ſt thy former wedlock
In thy baſe luſt with that thy ſervant there.
Nat. What a pox no, I tro---My wife that muſt be?
Phi. 'Twas your own doing, to put me to my ſhifts.
Nat. The devil ſhift you, then you will be ſure
Of change enough.
Win. O ſhame unto my blood.
Nat. I will henceforward councel all my friends
To wed their whores at firſt, before they go
Out o'their hands.
Teſ. How can you anſwer this?
Qui. I utterly deny't upon my oath.
Phi. So do I, and ſafely for any act.
Nat. That's well agen.
Phi. It was but in attempt, I told my Miſtriſs,
Had it been done, ſure I ſhould nere have ſpoke on't.

Nat. Thoſe are the councels women can onely keep.
Phi. Nothing in act I aſſure you.
Mil. In him 'twas foul enough though.
Mea. O hateful vice in age.
Teſ. 'Tis an old vice grown in him from his youth,
Of which bring forth for proof his baſtard there.
Buz. I fear we ſhall be whipt for counterfeits; *Ent.*
My long coats have a grudging of the laſh. *Buz.*
Arn. I ſee my old Maſters face again, and I will *Arn.*
Fear nothing.
Buz. Then Ile bear up again-----
Hay diddy daddy, come play with thy Baby
Dindle dandle on thy knee, and give him a penny,
And a new coat, o ho----
Qui. My grief and ſhame is endleſs.
Vin. Let not grief maſter you, Mr. *Quicksands.*
Ed. We are your friends, and pitty your afflictions.
What will you give us now and we'le releaſe you
For ever of this changling charge of yours?
Vin. And prove he's not your baſtard. Speak now
Qui. I'le cancel both your mortgages. (roundly.
Vin. A match. Now look you Sir, your quandam
All but the beard he wore; for loſs of which (ſervant,
We'le recompence him.
Qui. O *Buzzard, Buzzard, Buzzard.*
Buz. O Maſter, Maſter, Maſter. Your ſervant and no
Nor father of your Ideot in *Norfolk*, (baſtard,
He's there, and well Sir, I heard lately of him.
Qui. How couldſt thou uſe me thus?
Buz. How could you turn me away ſo?
Teſ. Ha, ha, ha. Come hither *Buzzard.* Thou ſhalt
(not want a Maſter.
Arn. Nor I, I hope, while my old Maſter lives. Y'are
(welcome home Sir.
Raſh. And thou to me my good old ſervant *Arnold.*
Qui. Well fare a miſery of a mans own ſeeking;

A

A tough one too will hold him tack to's end,
This comes with wiving at hreescore and three;
Would doating fools were all ſerv'd ſo for me.
Teſ. To ſhut up all: *Theophilus*, take my Neece,
We'll ſhortly find a Lawfull courſe to marry ye.
Raſh. I will take care for't. *Arthur*, take my daughter
With a glad fathers bleſſing. (well beſtow'd.
Mea. And mine with it, wiſhing my daughter were as
Dio. Sir take no thought for me, till my ſtrict life
(By making man, and the world meer ſtrangers to me,
In expiation of my late tranſgreſſion
Gainſt maiden modeſty) ſhall render me
Some way deſerving th'honour of a husband.
Raſh. Spoke like a good new woman.
Teſ. How now! do you look ſquemiſh on your fortune,
Sir her's a Gentleman ſhall maintain her blood
As worthy as your own till you defile it,
Tis beſt you cleanſe it again.
Nat. Cadzooks I will --
Forgiv'me for ſwearing, and turn Preciſian, a d pray
I'the noſe that all my brethren whoremaſters ſpend no
Phi. My father --- (worſe.
Win. O my child. (with his *Engliſh Moor*,
Nat. Though Mr. *Quicksſands* made a *Mock-marriage*
Ile not mock thee.
Teſ. Enough, enough. I hope all pleas'd at laſt
But Maſter *Quick-ſands* here.
Qui. I yeeld to fortune with an humble knee,
If you be pleas'd, your pleaſure ſhall pleaſe me.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

NOw let me be a modeſt undertaker
For us the players, the play and the play-maker:
If we have faild in ſpeech or Action, we
Muſt crave a pardon; If the Commedy
Either in mirth, or matter be not right,
As 'twas intended unto your delight,
The Poet in hope of favour doth ſubmit
Unto your cenſure both himſelf and it,
Wiſhing that as y'are judges in the cauſe
You judge but by the antient Comick Lawes.
Not by their courſe who in this latter age
Have ſown ſuch pleaſing errors on the ſtage,
Which he no more will chuſe to imitate
Then they to fly from truth, and run the State.
But whether I avail, you have ſeen the play,
And all that in defence the Poet can ſay
Is, that he cannot mend it by a jeſt
I'th Epilogue exceeding all the reſt;
To ſend you off upon a champing bit,
More then the ſcenes afforded of his wit:
Nor ſtudies he the Art to have it ſaid
He ſculks behind the hangings as affraid
Of a hard cenſure, or pretend to brag
Here's all your money again brought in i'th bag
If you applaud not, when before the word
'Twas parcel'd out upon the ſhearing-board.
Such are fine helps; but are not practiſed yet
By our plain Poet who cannot forget
His wonted modeſty, and humble way
For him and us, and his yet doubtful play,
Which, if receiv'd or but allow'd by you,
We and the play are yours, the Poet too.

The